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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 135. WEEK ENDING JUNE 3RD, 1911. ONE PENNY.

THE USES OF WINE.

WHY IT IS THE BEST ALCOHOLIC DRINK.

The consumption of wine has steadily declined in this country. This fact may rejoice the hearts of teetotallers, but whether it is a good thing for the nation at large is open to question, for in many cases men have given up sound wine for inferior spirits, and the change is all for the worse.

Wine, properly used, does good both in health and sickness. A light but at the same time sound Bordeaux red wine, or a Rhenish white wine is much better for the brain-worker than either beer or spirits.

It may be said that he would be better without stimulant at all, but that is very doubtful. A brain-worker uses up much nervous energy, and good wine is both a tonic and a food. There is not much absolute alcohol in medium or light wines, but on the other hand they contain certain ethers which are decidedly beneficial to brain-workers.

Sherry is a much neglected wine, but is one of the best from a medicinal point of view—I mean sherry, not the stuff often sold as such in public-houses and railway-bars.

It promotes appetite, aids digestion, soothes tired nerves, and I know of no better remedy for neuralgic affections than half a pint of good sherry.

Many people imagine that wine causes indigestion, but the reverse is the case.

Of course, if you are absolutely bilious, you should avoid wine of any kind, but sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, anæmia, and so on will find that a moderate allowance of sound Burgundy will work wonders.

Champagne is, of course, an incomparable pick-me-up, and there is nothing like it if you are fairly "beat." It is excellent also in influenza and other febrile diseases which are accompanied by great prostration.

It may be said that the average man cannot afford to drink wine habitually, but there is a good deal of humbug about that.

A man will grumble at paying half a crown for a bottle of Beaune, but will spend twice that amount on whiskies-and-sodas, which do him no good, and are not half so palatable. If men were content to drink wine at meals and eschew whisky and beer during the day, they would be much stronger and healthier than they are, and they would spend less on liquor than they do.

It would be a good thing if the duties levied on wine were reduced, for it is these that make it so expensive. In the countries in which it is produced it is as cheap as beer is with us, and it is much more wholesome.

E. C. HERBERT.

CHEEK.

Marmaduke Pickthall observes sententiously that "A wise man should talk nonsense only to his peers." Then why not raise some of our M.P.'s to the Upper House?

* * *

Apropos of the cunning method recently practised at Gwalior, in India, of capturing four man-eating lions by means of fly-papers, it is, I believe, a fact that the fly-paper is instrumental in the catching not only of lions, but of all kinds of diseases as well.

* * *

There have been a lot of safe robberies lately. Unless the police wake up, all robberies will be safe soon.

* * *

"Free spectacles for the poor," says a headline. The Coronation processions, of course.

* * *

Says a writer in "London Opinion," "Much nonsense is written about the treatment of convicts." And, notwithstanding this, he goes on to discuss the subject still further!

* * *

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is likely to appear as Shakespeare in a forthcoming play. I am Shake he will make a good Shawspeare—I mean, I am Speare he will make a good ShakeShaw—er—I am Shaw—hang it, *you* know what I mean!

* * *

"Nothing gives so much confidence as a swollen pocket," says Mr. Ralph Deakin. Its great drawback, however, is too often an accompanying swollen head.

* * *

"The new plays," says Mrs. Hugh Adams, "are productive of a whole host of new ideas in dress." Ought not the last word to be *un*dress?

* * *

I cull this from a New York paper. "Flirtation: A spoon with nothing in it." *Surely* there is a certain amount of spice!

* * *

The title of a new book is "The Celestial Omnibus." There can be no "Higher up!" about this omnibus, anyhow.

* * *

A "sledge-hammer" feature in a contemporary is headed "On the Nail." It would be painful if this were the finger-nail, wouldn't it?

* * *

Punters say that, by finishing third in a recent selling race at Wye, Sea Kid was a little deer, not to say expensive.

J. S. COX.

A BIT OF A SHOT.

HOW TO EARN THE TITLE.

Every man who is a sportsman likes to be able to handle a gun with reasonable precision.

In the Territorial Force he learns how to deal with the rifle, but although the things he is taught in that connection are in many ways useful to him in dealing with a sporting gun, he has still much to learn when it comes to handling a weapon that discharges shot instead of bullets.

One of the best and cheapest ways to acquire a passably good knowledge of handling a sporting gun is to get a sporting friend in the country to give you a few practical lessons.

If you are not the possessor of such a friend you can usually manage it by advertising in your county paper for week-end diggings on a farm. If the farmer has a son the chances are ten to one that that son is a bit of a shot, and will be more than happy to give you your initiation.

Probably your first lesson will be with rabbits, and the great thing is to walk against the wind when approaching them, for their scent and hearing are very keen.

Remember also that a rabbit sees very distinctly, and that it has more intelligence than it is usually credited with; so keep your gun pointing downwards and in the direction in which you are going. It will then be less apparent than if carried across your shoulder. Rabbits will scurry off at the sight of a gun, although they will frequently permit the fairly near approach of a person who appears to be unarmed.

Wild creatures have considerable reasoning powers, and rabbits are not the only ones to put two and two together. Rooks, for instance, will allow a man in black to come quite close to them, because they know that black clothes are Sunday clothes, and that they are not likely to be shot at by anyone so attired.

These and many other interesting facts will come to your own personal knowledge when you have had a taste of country sporting life.

Above all things, be very careful to prevent any possibility of your gun going off accidentally.

Accidents with guns usually happen when you are crossing a stile or forcing your way through a gap in a hedge. To avoid the danger you should always see that the hammers are down; or, if you are carrying a hammerless gun, that the slide is at safe before you do any climbing over gates.

A. SHREEVE.

Derby Day

ALL ABOUT THE LONDONER'S BIGGEST SPORTING HOLIDAY.

It has often been said—and more or less rightly—by rather envious foreigners, that the Englishman, and especially the Londoner, rejoices in a plethora of holidays. At any rate, from Christmas Day to August Bank Holiday, respites from toil follow one another at delightfully short intervals, and manage to spread themselves over a pleasantly large number of days.

But there is one day in the Londoner's year which to many counts for more than any Bank Holiday. It imbues the dweller in the metropolis, whether his lot is cast in easy places in the spacious West-End, or whether he spends toilsome days in the struggling East, with a sense of glorious excitement, of augmented energy.

He knows that it is Derby Day—and he means to have a good time, or he will know the reason why.

EARLY STARTERS.

As soon as the sun rises on Derby Day, and even earlier, there are innumerable signs that London is awake and getting ready. All roads lead, not to Rome, but to Epsom to-day, and from an early hour these roads resound to the steady tread of thousands of poor sportsmen whose only possible mode of conveyance to the "Downs" is Shanks's mare.

A jolly crowd they are, too. Here we see more good-fellowship perhaps than in any other contingent of the great Derby concourse. It is from the poorer quarters of the East-End, mostly, that these early marchers come, sturdy dock-workers and others who have sacrificed one day's pay in order to see the Derby, and, not wishing to leave the "missus" short in her "housekeeping," have decided to walk, with perhaps only a shilling or so for the incidental expenses of the day. They will not be able to have a bet, but few of them want to. Their great desire is to breathe pure air for once and feel the thrill that every Briton feels at the sight of great-hearted horses struggling for victory.

They start from home alone, most of them, but by the time they have passed Newington Butts, and have reached the Kennington Park Road, it is long odds that each has found a companion.

GOOD-FELLOWSHIP ON THE ROAD.

Stopping in his steady stride, a man will pull out a "Woodbine" or a well-coloured clay from his pocket and then proceed to the business of lighting up. But his repeated searching and final anxious patting of each of his pockets in turn will show that he has come out without matches.

"Want a light, mate," a voice sounds in his ear, and a box of "safeties" is unobtrusively handed to him. He lights up, and gives the box back gratefully.

"Thanks, mate," he says. "Goin' to the Derby?"

The other man, sure enough, *is* going to the Derby. "Let's foot it together, shall we?" suggests the first. "It doesn't seem so long, when you're in company, like."

"Right!" says the other heartily; and thus they are introduced.

As the hours go on, the broad road through Kennington and Brixton sees all manner of traffic proceeding along it, in answer to the Downs' insistent call.

The merry horse omnibus—"Half a Crown, There and Back"—is in considerable evidence; and each is shamefully overloaded. The astute "pirate" promoter, however, has had the *nous* to have his 'bus drawn by relays of four horses instead of the customary two; and the vehicle presents the appearance, in a modified form perhaps, of the stage-coach of Dickens' days.

"COACHING" UP-TO-DATE.

The passengers know it, too; and their enjoyment of the fact finds an outlet in the rendering, on all manner of quaint instruments, of rousing coaching songs—until, possibly, a large stone jar of beer comes to light, and the musicians find something better to do.

"Don't be greedy! Give us a drop!" and, amid a shout of the light-hearted laughter that is so characteristic of the holiday-making Cockney, a strange vehicle rattles past the encumbered 'bus.

It has, no doubt, been gaudily decorated for the great occasion, probably with a chaste design of Union Jacks and multi-coloured ribbon streamers; but it is obviously a barrow, on a single pair of wheels, whose everyday use is the transportation of "'taters" and other succulent vegetables through long mean streets. But its owner is a happy man to-day. He is dressed in his best, his "old woman" is with him, also resplendently attired, and the "kids" are there, too. The only member of the party who has reason to complain is the little "moke," who is pulling this goodly cargo along; but even he seems to be imbued with the spirit of Derby Day, and he trots along gamely, passing many a more dignified turn-out.

EPSOM AT LAST.

And so we reach the course, where so many of London's thousands are already assembled, and where, minute after minute, panting trains deposit thousands more.

It is a great, a wonderful sight, this Epsom racecourse on Derby Day; and the man who has never seen it has missed much.

It would seem as though the whole metropolis had trekked in a body to the Downs. The gay London of Belgravia and Mayfair is here, scanning the massed thousands interestedly through race-glasses on the stands, and waxing daintily merry with spotless napery and shining glasses on well-appointed coaches and drags. The hard-working and hard-playing London of the suburbs is here, too, drinking its modest Bass or Guinness in the refreshment bar, preparatory to its enjoyment of the day's racing. And everywhere, massed over the rolling open spaces, is the Greater London, the toilers who are having their one great holiday of the year, whose sandwich papers and ginger-beer bottles will linger on the Downs for many days after they have gone back to work again.

The numbers are up. "They're off!" A few minutes, and another Derby has been lost and won.

But what do these people really care what has won? They have been to Epsom, they have seen the Derby run, they have enjoyed an open-air sporting holiday, the memory of which will not fade from their minds until Derby Day comes round again.

G. W. WARWICK.

THE CHARM OF THE TROUT STREAM.

ITS APPEAL TO THE NATURE-LOVER.

There is something unmistakable about trout water. Just as certain fields and certain woods look as if they must hold game, so do some streams proclaim the presence of trout. Here and there rippling over golden gravel, now gliding swift and smooth above the green patches of weeds, now slowly loitering round deep corners, the trout stream passes on its way.

Gravel and shallows the trout will have if they are to lay their eggs; weeds in profusion they require if they are to put on weight; deep holes are a necessity for a hiding place in the hour of danger, when herons descend to snatch a forbidden meal.

Eternal variety is the key-note of the river that harbours trout; the deep and unchanging sluggishness of the canal does not appeal to this fish, nor do those waters which have no life in their stream; himself a creature of speed and beauty he requires the same in his immediate surroundings.

Some trout streams wander on their babbling way through wild and untamed scenery. The Highland or Welsh burn hurries through heathered banks, leaps over miniature rocks, changing from a tiny brook into a narrow rivulet. The Devonshire stream wanders through woods and over the moors into the green fields and back again into the woods, always beautiful but always diminutive, as also are the trout that sport in its waters.

The chalk stream—the home of the really lusty trout—grows quickly into the dignity of a river, and glides amidst luscious meadows, where the grass grows deep, and where sheep and cattle continually grazing give a hint of the villages and farms that are close at hand.

But, whether we wander in the wilds of the North or South, or among the highly-farmed water-meadows of Hampshire or Dorset, there is ever about the trout stream a restfulness from the worries of work and the calls of business.

The mind is set at rest, forgets the troubles that beset it and gains fresh vigour in a world of peace. All about is the calm of Nature, a calm that is full of sight and sound, but all of it pleasing and harmonious. The cattle low and the sheep call to the distant sheep-herd, the twitter of the swallows, the splash of a water-rat, the murmur of a wood-pigeon mingle with the chatter of the moorhen among the reeds.

A kingfisher darts in all his tropical glory just over the bosom of the stream, a sandpiper whistles shrilly as we disturb him at a bend. Over the surface of the water hangs a cloud of insect life, and the dragon fly as he darts and hovers over the rank herbage looks a giant among dwarfs.

Suddenly the face of the river is broken and dimpled as the trout awake to the meal that is hurrying over their heads. On the smooth parts appear the tell-tale widening rings; in the ripples there is ever and again a hurried splash.

In a moment the scenery is forgotten and we haste to fix up the rod.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH

By A. P. GARLAND.

"I really don't think you ought to have him," said the visiting archdeacon, severely.

He gazed through his gold-rimmed glasses at Herbert Kitchener Spinnet and frowned at the ragged clothes, the grimy face, and dilapidated air of the young street arab.

Herbert K. S., or, to give him his popular title, "Nippy Spinnet," bore the scrutiny calmly. He was any age between nine and twelve, but his education had been acquired chiefly on London streets, and in the knowledge of the world he was half a century ahead of Archdeacon Haddon.

Therefore, he tried to infuse as much expectancy and meekness as he could into his expression—watching his critic all the time with searching, discerning eyes. He was very keen on being accepted in the Southwark Boys' Home, and "this 'ere-'eaded old bloke" evidently had a big say in the matter.

"We must really draw the line somewhere, you know, Mr. Howard," said the archdeacon, pontifically. He was a worthy man and deservedly respected, but his knowledge of East-End rescue work was purely theoretic. What he liked to see was two or three rows of nice clean boys, with hair neatly parted and clean celluloid collars, listening to an address on self-help or some other uplifting subject. That was what he was accustomed to see, and so the raw material failed to appeal.

"I should like to give him a chance, sir," answered Mr. Howard. "A few days here will work wonders. They are all like that when they come here first."

For a moment the archdeacon hesitated, but he had a genuine respect for Mr. Howard. So he gave a sort of grudging consent.

"Well, let us see what a week will do. But I fancy—I am almost sure—he will be a failure."

Thus Nippy Spinnet became the thirty-ninth boy undergoing the process of reclamation in the Home.

Not that he wanted reclamation—or had the faintest idea what it meant. His whole idea was to seek a temporary asylum from his natural enemies—the police. For some months he had been employed as a look-out by a busy street bookmaker. But the day before an over-zealous officer had arrested his patron, and only by a narrow shave had Nippy succeeded in escaping. Had he been brought up in court it would surely have meant relegation to a reformatory. He was several years behindhand in the matter of school attendance, and one inspector in particular was keen on his track. In addition, there was a little affair of a gold watch which had been found in his pocket without his being able to account therefor. Happily, as a first offender, he had been let off, but now the shadow of the reformatory hung over the little Bedouin.

His behaviour, therefore, during the first week of his residence in the Home was of the most orthodox. In deference to what he regarded as an unnecessary whim on the part of the public, he had hitherto been wont to cleanse his face and hands at least three or four times a week. Now he meekly submitted to the same ordeal as many times a day—not to speak of a complete bath once a week. In other ways, too, he had to forego many of his cherished habits and conform to the cut-and-dried regulations. It was undoubtedly galling, and Nippy would probably have been unable to endure the monotony of his life, had it not been for the respect he had for the Manager of the Home.

Mr. Howard had been but a curate, and having small means and less influence, his career in the Church did not promise brilliantly. Shortly after his ordination, however, he had made up his mind to turn his attention to the practical state of Christianity. With this idea he had started the Home in Southwark seven years before, and had since then done an enormous amount of good in his quiet, unobtrusive way. He was possibly the gentlest, kindest-hearted, and most financially incapable clergyman in the British Isles.

Nippy liked him. That was in itself a testimonial. He had an uncanny gift of reading character, this child of the gutter, and from the outset he held Mr. Howard in affectionate regard. On this account he accepted the discipline of the Home and restrained his wildish tendencies, fearing to displease his benefactor. But Nippy had his limitations, and these at length brought about his expulsion.

It was three weeks after his arrival when Mr. Pettitt, one of the most prominent supporters of the Rescue Fund, came on a visit to Mr. Howard. Mr. Pettitt was a prosperous furniture broker, rather generous with money for charitable matters, but anxious at the same time that his generosity should have due advertisement.

He was accompanied by his son, a pampered and selfish boy of about fourteen, and whilst the father was chatting with Mr. Howard in the private sitting-room Gordon Pettitt was wandering about the institution, looking scornfully at the victims of charity and indulging in a few sneers now and then.

Unhappily he came across Nippy. He "cheeked" the young street arab, and the latter replied with interest. In a contest of this kind there could be but one outcome, and Gordon soon found that he had met his master.

The other boys were grinning, and the over-fed youth, exasperated thereby, called out insultingly:

"You're a dirty lot of paupers. You're living here on what my father gives you."

"It's a lie," said Nippy, whose charitable horizon just then was bounded by his clerical benefactor.

"No, it isn't. My father pays for all of you. Yes, and for old Howard, too. He's another dirty pauper."

The next moment a small but well-aimed fist had landed firmly on the end of his nose, and Nippy, with arms outstretched in the orthodox way, was challenging the other to come on. But he did not come on. A few drops of blood came from his nose and he howled for his father. The latter came running out, accompanied by Mr. Howard.

"Who did that?" said Mr. Pettitt, fiercely.

"Th-that beggar there—did. Just for nothing at all," said Gordon, still howling.

"What does this mean, Spinnet?" asked Mr. Howard.

Nippy hung his head and did not reply for a moment. Never having had a home or known his parents, he could scarcely understand what affection meant, and therefore could scarcely explain what had moved him.

"Chap called us a lot of paupers, so I 'it 'im."

"You what?" said Mr. Pettitt, seizing him by the arm and striking him on the side of the head. "You dare ——"

"Stop," said Mr. Howard; "I will not permit you to strike him, Mr. Pettitt. I do not approve of corporal punishment."

"You dare to interfere with me?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow him to be struck."

"You can't, eh! All right. I've done with you and your mangy lot of brats. They've had their last penny from me. Come on, Gordon."

And the two marched indignantly out.

"Now," said Mr. Howard. "Have you any explanation to give?"

Nippy looked sullen but made no reply.

"You have wantonly struck and bled another boy on account of a hasty word. And have driven away one of the best supporters of our work. There is nothing for it, Spinnet, but for you to leave. I'm sorry, but if I allowed you to stay on after this I should lose all my influence. And such a bad example for the other boys can only be checked in one way. So you must go on Saturday afternoon."

Nippy might have defended himself by explaining what had actually caused the outburst. But he had the national antipathy to displaying his affections, so he held his peace.

Mr. Howard turned away disappointed. He had had hopes of reclaiming Nippy, but all his good work would be upset if so quarrelsome a boy remained in the Home to stir up the others to lawlessness. And more than that, Mr. Pettitt's financial assistance was lost for ever.

It was particularly unfortunate at this time, for Mr. Howard had never been in greater need of money.

Two years before, during a slack period of subscriptions, he had been forced to borrow £300. The lender, Mr. Reginald Fitzclare (discovered by means of the advertisement columns of a daily), had proved himself an amiable and affable man, though with a weakness for thirty per cent. interest. For years Mr. Howard had gone on renewing the debt at an increasing rate of interest, until now it amounted to nearly £500.

Suddenly to his amazement, Mr. Fitzclare's attitude changed. He stated his inability to renew the debt and demanded immediate payment of the whole amount.

To the hard working missioner it was a horrible shock. He had expected to see the debt run on until some day when a large bequest from some source or other would enable him to clear it off And Mr. Fitzclare had hitherto been so considerate and even interested in the Home. Why had he now changed his attitude? It was so unreasonable.

But there the philanthropist erred. Mr. Fitzclare never did anything without a reason. So long as Mr. Howard attended purely to his own business, he should be allowed to pay his thirty or forty per cent. undisturbed. But when he began to petition the authorities to condemn certain slum property known as Pretzoff's rents, Mr. Fitzclare—whose real native name was Pretzoff—thought it time to act.

Hence his imperative demand to Mr. Howard for full payment of the loan together with interest, otherwise legal proceedings would immediately be taken. The latter threat was pure bluff, for he would never have dared to bring the matter before a court.

Mr. Howard had no hopes of meeting the demand. His regular patrons had only lately given their customary subscriptions, and little further could be expected in that direction. His only chance had lain with Mr. Pettitt, and he had intended to broach the subject that afternoon. But Nippy's action had spoiled all chance of success from that quarter, and a gloomy feeling came over Mr. Howard as he thought of the summary conclusion to his life-work.

* * * * * * *

The next day Nippy was to leave. His reputed grandmother, his only known relative, had been informed by letter of his dismissal, and he had been arrayed in the now clean, but ragged, garb of his unregenerate past.

Dinner was just over, and Mr. Howard, after saying grace, was about to dismiss the boys, when

suddenly the door opened and Mr. Reginald Fitzclare made his way into the room.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Howard," said he, with a thick Russian lisp. "I have come here to see about that payment."

"Come to my private room, Mr. Fitzclare," said Mr. Howard. "I do not wish to speak about business matters before these boys."

"What's that to me? Are you going to pay me that money or not?" broke out the other savagely. He had evidently been drinking.

"Very well," said Mr. Howard calmly. "Since there is no reason for concealing the matter, I may inform you than I cannot do so at present. I am willing to renew——"

"Renew. Are you, indeed? But I will not renew. You have called me—that is, you have called Pretzoff a bloodsucker. And he is a friend of mine."

"I have," said Mr. Howard. "And I repeat it. He is a bloodsucker and a robber to extort the rents he does for his wretched hovels. I will denounce him every time I get a chance."

"Will you? Well then, see here," said the other, drawing a blue paper from his breast pocket, and raising it aloft. This is your promissory note for £496. If I do not receive the money at once, I will sell up your place here, and have you thrown out on the streets. You will denounce, will you?"

"I cannot pay the money now," said Mr. Howard. "If you wish to ruin me, do so. But I am not going to abandon my duty."

"That is enough. In three days you will be a beggar and your brats with you," hissed Pretzoff.

He put the paper back in his pocket and turned to the door. Nippy was nearest to him and, according to the rule of the Home, it was his duty to see the visitor out.

He did so—but clumsily. For in the dimly-lit passage he made a false step and staggered against Pretzoff, sending him against the white-washed wall and causing him to splutter oaths in an alien tongue.

He let the visitor out. Then, instead of returning to bid good-bye to Mr. Howard and the boys, he stepped outside, closed the door after him, and ran rapidly in the opposite direction to that taken by Pretzoff.

He turned the corner of the street, and finding a quiet doorway he drew from his coat pocket a blue paper, which he tore into minute shreds. Then, capless but cheerful, he sought his native haunts.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Howard awaited with resignation the threatened ruin, but when months passed without his hearing anything further from his creditor, he concluded that the latter's heart had softened. So, gratefully, he mentioned in his prayers the name of Mr. Reginald Fitzclare, alias Pretzoff.

SCOTCH CRICKET.

WHY SCOTLAND FALLS BEHIND IN THE SUMMER GAME.

Scotland has produced few first-class cricketers, though one does not forget Mr. M. R. Jardine in the past, or Mr. K. G. Macleod in the present.

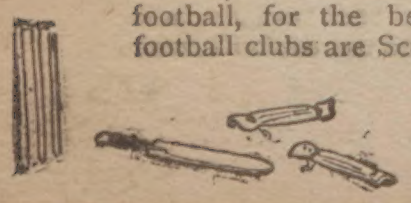
There are two main influences against the development of Scotch cricket.

In the first place, the Scotch public-school-boy's—in so far as there are public schools in Scotland—heart is entirely in Rugby football.

Next, the majority of the boys are the sons of men of moderate means, who have neither the will nor the power to pay for the expensive coaching and cricket education in general which obtains at the great English schools.

The best-known Scotch cricket clubs are the Grange (Edinburgh) and Perthshire, whose annual matches with Forfarshire are in the nature of a local Derby.

If Scotland takes a second place in regard to cricket, no one can say she does so in regard to football, for the best players in the English football clubs are Scotsmen.



SWIMMING TEACHERS

THE TESTS THEY HAVE TO PASS IN ORDER TO BECOME QUALIFIED.

There is a pretty good career in teaching swimming as a professional.

Anyone, of course, may call himself a professor of swimming and practise as such, but if he wishes to be recognised by the Amateur Swimming Association and to gain their certificate for professional teachers, then he must fulfil certain conditions and pass certain tests.

First of all, he must satisfy the Amateur Swimming Association Executive of the district in which he resides that he is of good character, and not under twenty-one years of age, though in special cases the age qualification may be disregarded. (N.B.—In the case of ladies the minimum age, save again in special circumstances, is eighteen.)

Next he has to pass an examination, which is divided into two parts, theoretical and practical.

Ten marks are allowed for each question or each feat in the water, and the candidate who fails to obtain fifty per cent. of marks in either the theoretical or practical examination returns home "plucked."

In the examination he has first to explain every part of the breast-stroke, illustrating his meaning by drill movements.

Next he has to explain the back-stroke, again illustrating by movements as if he were instructing a class.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BREATHING.

Finally, he must show that he knows how to breathe deeply and properly, explain how he would teach deep breathing to a class of novices, and deliver a short lecture on its advantages.

Turning now to the water, style alone counts, no marks being given for speed.

He must swim not less than twenty yards on (1) breast, (2) back, (3) side (under-arm and over-arm counting as one test in the last-named).

Then he must show that he knows the trudgeon-stroke (ladies do not do this), and do a dive from the level of the surface of the water.

Next, he must dive from each board up to, but not exceeding, six feet.

In conclusion, he must give a practical demonstration of teaching swimming by taking a novice to the shallow end of the bath and giving him a lesson.

POINTS THAT COUNT.

The points the judge has to look to are:

(1) That the fingers are kept closed, and slightly cup-shaped.

(2) That the hands are spread horizontally and kept just below the surface of the water.

(3) That the back is slightly hollowed, feet about nine inches under water, with the soles of the feet facing the surface of the water.

(4) That the legs are kicked outward from the hips with a backward and rounded movement, and brought smartly together at the end.

These points apply to swimming. Dives, of course, are judged on other standards of merit, but these were described in THE MODERN MAN quite recently, so I need not bring them up again.

The candidate is further required to have a good knowledge of rescue work and the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. The possession of the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society will be accepted as proof of such knowledge.

When he has passed these tests the Executive District Committee recommend the candidate to headquarters for his Teacher's Certificate, which, in the ordinary way, he will receive at once.

As the A.S.A. laws in regard to amateurism are very strict. I may point out that although a schoolmaster or school teacher who gives instruction in swimming to his pupils may be said to be paid for doing so, he is expressly exempted from the professional definition under which he would otherwise come.

Teaching swimming is by no means as easy as it might appear, and there are many expert swimmers who are hopelessly incapable of imparting their skill to others.

The swimming teacher's work does not consist of merely supporting the beginner in the water while he splashes about according to his own ideas. The strokes have got to be explained in detail, and once the novice has got a grasp of these, he can teach himself by practice as well as any instructor can do.

For the latter purpose a life-belt is an excellent thing to use, for it gives the necessary support, and enables the learner to devote all his attention to the correct performance of the strokes.

C. RING.

DEFENDING MY TITLE.

By BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN.

Since the making of my match with Edward Aston for £225 and the proud title of "Britain's Strongest Man," I have had many kind letters from good friends among the readers of this paper, and it has been suggested that a short outline of my training methods would be acceptable.

I think readers already know that I rely on a kind of miniature weight-lifting method, that is, weight-lifting exercises, not feats.

I see no reason to change my methods except that I have been able to add some half-a-dozen new exercises, more or less original, which cover the five test feats which we are to perform.

My diet may interest you. As the weather has got warmer I include as much fruit and vegetables as possible, but am by no means a vegetarian. I drink a lot of milk, and eat no white bread but always brown. Eggs, bananas, chickens, cheese, peas, beans and oatmeal porridge all form part of my dietary.

Each day after exercising I take a cold bath with a little mustard added. I cycle on an average twenty-five miles each day, and occasionally do a long ride of one hundred miles.

One most important tip which I know need hardly be told to readers of THE MODERN MAN is to spend as much time as possible in the open air.

As showing the superiority of modern methods compared with those of the old-time strong men it is confidently expected that many new records will be created on the day of the match.

The match takes place on June 3, at the International School of Physical Culture, 34, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, and I hope to see some readers of THE MODERN MAN to cheer me on.

It may surprise many readers to find that my opponent has been, up to now, the favourite in the betting. Without desiring to boast or brag, I am quietly confident regarding the result, and hope to prove again that I am Britain's Strongest Man.

THOMAS INGE.

FURTHER NEWS OF OUR LITIGATION.

We have pleasure in printing below the latest news regarding the action for libel brought against us by Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd.

We state the bare facts.

April 27th, 1911: Application was made by "John Bull," Ltd., that the statement of claim against THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., the United Press, Ltd., the Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., and J. A. Shepherd, Editor of THE MODERN MAN, might be amended by striking out "John Bull," Ltd., as a plaintiff. The application was heard by Master Day, and was dismissed with costs.

May 3rd, 1911: "John Bull," Ltd., appealed to Mr. Justice Lawrence in Chambers from the order of Master Day. The appeal was dismissed. Costs in cause.

Our readers may be interested to recollect the previous episodes in this litigation. They were as follows:

Feb. 3rd, 1911: Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., applied to Mr. Justice Horridge in Chambers for leave to proceed against J. A. Shepherd, Editor of THE MODERN MAN, and Cary G. Bowerman, managing director of the company which publishes this paper, for leave to prosecute us criminally for libel. The application was refused.

Feb. 7th, 1911: Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., obtained a rule *nisi*, calling upon J. A. Shepherd and Cary G. Bowerman to show cause why we should not be committed for contempt of Court.

April 5th, 1911: We showed cause why we should not be committed. The rule, therefore, was dismissed, and the Lord Chief Justice of England ordered that Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Ltd., should pay our costs.

PLAYS WANTED.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR NEW DRAMATISTS.

Struggling playwrights are apt to imagine that it is no use sending a play to a manager unless they can get a word in his private ear, but this is a popular delusion. The demand for plays of merit far exceeds the supply, and managers are only too willing to read new works.

Of course they cannot read them all, for a manager of a West-End theatre has anything from 1,500 to 3,000 plays sent him in the course of a year, but every play is read by skilled assistants, and anything that is at all "possible" goes up to the "judgment seat."

At least 95 per cent. of plays by beginners, however, are "absolutely impossible." No manager in his senses is going to produce a play in sixteen acts, involving over sixty changes of scenery—an actual instance; others deal with impossible subjects, while others again are hopelessly illiterate.

The beginner's chief fault is that he does not use his commonsense. He makes no allowance for the time required for changes of costume and scenery. He brings a character on, gives him a few words to say, and leaves him standing there doing nothing and saying nothing for half an hour or more.

Stagecraft is to him a thing unknown, and naturally his play is refused.

Still the main point is that if you send a play to the manager of a reputable theatre, it will certainly get a fair hearing.

To give a few examples, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, the late Captain Robert Marshall, and Mr. Alfred Sutro were absolutely unknown when they submitted their first plays.

If you get a play accepted, don't sell it outright, but invest in a royalty (7½, or even 5 per cent. would be good enough for a beginner) and retain the American and Colonial rights.

A successful play will keep on spinning money in royalties for its author long after it has had its day in London.

One-act plays are more usually sold outright—£50 being an average price—but here again it is better to hold out for a royalty if you can.

In any case keep the amateur rights, for a one-act play that is suitable for amateur production will bring in £20 a year or so for a long time.

T. KEMPTON.

BILLIARD SMILES.

SOME HUMOURS OF A "HUNDRED-UP."

Just as it is undoubtedly the most attractive indoor game to play, so is billiards one of the pleasantest to watch, for there are innumerable causes, even in so short a game as a hundred-up, for a burst of that hearty laughter that seems so typically characteristic of a billiard-room.

"Flukes" are often productive of much merriment. For instance, in a recent club handicap in the City a player who had run up a very good break had the bad luck to miscue, and was cursing his luck under his breath when a roar of laughter made him look up. His ball had had just enough strength to travel up the table and pot the red!

Most billiard-rooms are adorned with cards requesting you to use the rest whenever it is required—and there is a moral in this, especially to stout men who wear clothes of thin texture. Not long ago the writer saw such a man who "could just reach it, thanks," clamber on to the table, and, with a violent stroke, manage to split his trousers with an ominous crack. The unfortunate man did a record sprint for the bathroom, where he stayed until the marker brought him a needle and cotton, which he utilised to perform a very bad tailoring task.

Have you ever, in attempting to leave a safety miss just under a middle pocket and against the cushion, managed to let your ball trickle "into the hole"? The writer has; and though on that occasion he himself did not see the humour of the situation the spectators did.

Snooker, too, is productive of many a smile, for when you are snookered, and in trying a cushion-shot on to the yellow you come back on to the green, or else when you masterfully put down the black and then *go in after*, the expression of your face is apt to be vastly funny to everybody but yourself.

J. W. HALLOWS.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

HOW YOU MIGHT SPEND IT.

Though the time is some way ahead when we shall begin to make definite plans for the summer holiday, there is every reason why we should consider at once the kind of holiday we shall take this year.

Is it to be a seaside lounge? Is it to be a farm picnic? Is it to be an expedition to a new part of the country? Indeed, what *is* it to be?

Here is a problem that may well be turned over in the mind between now and July.

Whatever it is, it should be settled some time ahead, so that preparation may be made.

Here, then, is a hint for a novel holiday, which most men would find thoroughly enjoyable.

Most readers are keen on some sort of open-air life in the holiday, and a larger number than ever before are finding their pleasure in the remoter open country.

To have opportunities to get on close terms of knowledge and intimacy with Nature is a holiday ideal that nearly all of us hanker after, though we may, for lack of preparation, end by running off to a seaside parade at the last moment.

There is no better way of making Nature's acquaintance than by living with a gamekeeper. There are hundreds of these men who would be quite willing to put up a young man who was really interested in country life.

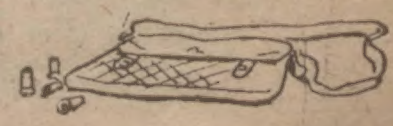
They are a steady lot of men, and they can give you the finest possible opportunities of knowing the life of the woods. To spend a fortnight in a gamekeeper's cottage at the height of summer would be an ideal holiday.

It would be an inexpensive holiday, and it would give a man a wonderfully vivid glimpse into a world of which he is too often quite ignorant through force of circumstances.

To accompany the keeper by day and night, as he covers his ground and watches over a huge area of preserved territory, is an experience that would be an intense pleasure to most townsmen.

An advertisement in the "shooting" or general sporting papers would probably bring many suitable replies from which a townsman could take his choice. And THE MODERN MAN has many readers among those who live in the heart of the country.

G. OVERBURY.



HUMOURS OF THE STAGE

SOME ENTIRELY UNREHEARSED EPISODES IN THE CAREERS OF POPULAR FAVOURITES.

Mr. Huntley Wright tells this delightful story of his younger days: He was playing in a drama at Edinburgh, and, when out for a walk with his father, happened to meet Irving, to whom he was introduced.

Irving was doing nothing that evening, and came to the theatre to see his old friend's son perform. Naturally the youngster, hearing that the great man was in front, was anxious to make a good impression.

The great scene of the piece was laid in a prison cell, whence the hero was to escape on the walls of the cell being blown in by a bomb introduced by his friends.

Just before this Mr. Wright, as a brutal prison warder, had to engage in a struggle with the hero, who was about twice his size.

On this evening his peaked cap fell off in the course of the struggle. Mr. Wright is short-sighted; moreover the stage was in half-darkness. Anyhow, groping about for his cap, he picked up the bomb by mistake and clapped it on his head.

It rolled off and went off, but the sceneshifters not being ready the walls of the cell failed to collapse, and the scene was completely ruined.

THE LAST STRAW.

Overcome with mortification, he tottered off the stage, and sat down on what he took to be a stool. But it was a fireman's bucket full of water, and it and his cup of tribulation fairly overflowed.

Funny, too, was the experience of Mr. Joseph Coyne when playing in an American melodrama.

As the hero, he had to rescue the heroine from a cave in which she had been imprisoned to be drowned by the rising tide. The heroine was of somewhat massive proportions, and it was arranged that she should stand on a chair in the cave so that he could the more easily lift her up.

In the excitement of the first night, however, he emerged from the cave carrying the chair as well as the heroine. The extra weight was too much for him, apart from the fact that he tripped over a tin can left by some careless sceneshifter, and he and the heroine did a remarkable somersault into the orchestra.

In the days of double and triple bills, Miss Marie Illington had one night to appear first as Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and next as a much-persecuted heroine who comes on the stage to find her father lying murdered, and immediately drops down in a dead faint.

TOO MUCH FOR THE AUDIENCE.

As Topsy, Miss Illington wore a pair of red and white striped stockings, which she had no time to change before coming on in the next piece.

She was then quite a beginner, and had never practised doing a stage "back-fall." The result was that on the first night, when she fainted, her heels flew up in the air, and the audience cheered madly at the sight of several inches of red and white stocking protruding from the skirts of a heroine who was supposed to be in deep mourning.

Miss Eva Moore remembers an amusing scene in a play where the hero, running across the stage to a drawer supposed to contain a diamond necklace, had to find it stolen, and exclaims—"Gone—oh, gone!"

On the first night, however, the stage was slippery; the hero, who was a big, heavy man, slipped while running to the drawer and sat down with a bump. But what he said in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre was not "Gone—oh, gone!" but "Damn—oh, damn!"

The funniest incident I ever saw myself on the stage was during a performance of "La Cigale." A donkey (four-legged) figured on the stage, and this night he turned restive and kicked one of the characters into the orchestra, where he landed on top of the big drum.

Miss Jessie Millward was a very nervous young lady when she was ushered into the late Sir Henry Irving's presence to discuss a part she was to play for him. The moment she sat down she became aware that her seat was not exactly a bed of roses, but respect for the great man kept her silent.

Irving talked away and then suddenly said, "Are you quite comfortable?" "Oh, yes, thank you, Mr. Irving," replied Miss Millward.

SIR HENRY'S SPURS.

Irving resumed, but presently put the same question again, and again was assured that Miss Millward was quite comfortable.

Once more Irving talked, and then for a third time he asked with great emphasis: "Are you *quite* sure you are comfortable?" And for the third time Miss Millward declared herself at ease.

"Well," said Irving, "I'm delighted to hear it, for you happen to be sitting on my spurs!"

The tale of stage contretemps is almost endless. Everybody knows how perfectly any play Sir Charles Wyndham produces is staged, but it was not always thus; at least, not one time when he was touring in America.

Owing to the Missouri River overflowing its banks, the company were forced to halt at Granada, and at the request of the townspeople a special performance was arranged.

The scenery and baggage had safely crossed the river ahead of the company, and so the players had only the clothes they stood up in.

A SCRATCH PERFORMANCE.

The piece was given in the skating-rink, and the only scenery available was an Arctic scene belonging to the rink. This hardly fitted in with the play, which was a society comedy.

George Giddens, as a curate, was attired in knickerbockers and a shooting jacket.

The audience, however, were enthusiastic, but presently the applause changed to ill-suppressed tittering.

This puzzled the players, but at last they discovered the cause. In default of proper dressing-rooms curtains had been rigged up at the side of the stage, behind which the ladies dressed. Unfortunately the position of the lights was such that the audience had a shadow pantomime of the mysteries of the feminine toilet.

Finally, at the beginning of the third act, Sir Charles Wyndham, winding up the curtain, overwound it, and the whole thing came down with a run and obstinately refused to go up again.

G. R. CONWAY.

CLUB NEWS.

WILLESDEN.—Mr. F. Dawson, Hon. Secretary of the Willesden MODERN MAN Club, 15, Bramston Road, Harlesden, N.W., informs us that the members of this club have rambles every Sunday morning, and meet at the Jubilee Clock, at 10 a.m. They will welcome any local readers who care to join them on these rambles.

BIRMINGHAM.—The official opening of the club rooms of the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club was highly successful. The club has a billiard and card-room, a lounge, a reading and writing-room, and a gymnasium is being fitted up. All Birmingham readers desirous of joining are invited to communicate with the hon. secretary, Mr. W. R. Searle, at the club headquarters, 46, New Street, or at his private address, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham.

SPOILING THE COUNTRY.

A CYCLIST'S COMPLAINT OF THE VANDALISM OF LOCAL COUNCILS.

What in the world is happening to our villages, our remote countrysides, our secluded counties?

The question is wrung from me after a tour through a much advertised district of England. For longer than I can remember this district has been regarded as a secluded and delightful one where all that is modern is unknown, and where all that is old and also quaint and attractive is carefully preserved.

On this reputation the district has for many years achieved success as a tourist centre. It has not been a show place, but one of those byways into which the man in search of real rusticity and peacefulness has wended his way afoot or awheel—for there is no railway within miles of the true heart of the district.

If this reputation was ever really deserved, and I must suppose that such was the case at one time long ago, there must have been very different local rulers than those with which the place is at present blessed.

Judging from present appearances the aim of the local council seems to be to make this little rural paradise as much like a city suburb as possible.

In the first place they have shown an intense partiality for iron railings—the sort with spiked tops, and without any attempt to be ornamental.

Iron railings in the far country, with spikes, too, are the last word in rural vandalism.

If the rails are an outrage, what must be said of the seats that a thoughtful parish council or urban district council has thought fit to place along the village "street"? What in the name of all that's ludicrous does this village want with seats? Stiff, iron-framed, cast-iron garden seats!

They stand at intervals along the road, and are never occupied except by occasional gipsies and their children. Who really needs a wayside resting-place in this village? All around nature has provided the best seats of all.

I have yet to meet the man who would willingly sit on one of these park benches gone astray, when there was a stile near or a hedge to lie under.

The entire district bristles with notices eloquent of the over-regulation to which it is subjected by a council bent on spending money and rendering the place no longer fit to live in, or visit.

This horrible example has been copied with more or less slavishness by half the villages in the countryside, so that one sees iron lamp-posts, with oil lamps in them, along quite remote little lanes where traffic ceases at sundown, and where glow-worms would have supplied light enough.

A passing cyclist passes as quickly as maybe now. He is not attracted by the incongruous evidences of a town spirit exhibited in these many ways. The towns he has left behind are stiff, formal, and ugly enough, and he does not want their worst features reproduced where he has looked for pastoral simplicity and an absence of formality.

Perhaps the worst eyesore in this once favoured district are the new houses that some builder has been allowed to erect. If he had thrown open the planning of his houses to those "gifted" with the keenest sense of the hideous and the unpicturesque he could not have achieved more terrible results.

Ugliness has indeed run riot, unchecked, through this, as through many other rural districts, and England will soon lose her attractions for those who love the picturesque by-ways.

R. LEACH.

A CAMP STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S PASS

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The camp basked in the late May sunshine, a cooling breeze stirred the trees of the park, and the band beyond them played a light air.

Inside the shady "Liberty Hall"—for the eighth year in succession Stephen, an artist at these things, had thus ticketed the tent he shared with Kernahan, Carteret, and Alexander—Trooper Carteret, a newspaper over his eyes, slumbered to the soothing accompaniment of the buzz of conversation down the lines. Only here and there were voices pitched high on that most lazy of afternoons, and then it was the outcome of an altercation about the merits of horses engaged in the Derby of the following week.

"Right you are," said someone in the tent opposite. "I'll bet you've got his breeding wrong."

"Oh, well, we shall jolly soon see about that, my beautiful boy." The voice was Kernahan's. "Our racing expert—that young Carteret, you know—carries a reference library amongst his kit. By St. Frusquin, did you say, or out of St. Frusquin?"

At this implied insult a water-logged sponge, aimed with accuracy at Trooper Kernahan, whizzed by his head as he dodged aside, and caught the dozing Carteret in the tent opposite on his slender ankle, where it lay mopping up the colour of the fancy sock.

"Carteret, Carteret, Cart-er-et! Damn that boy, he's asleep again!" said Kernahan, in a manner reminiscent of Mr. Wardle, of "Pickwick Papers," which was totally lost on his audience, whose favourite literature at the moment was that penned by the "Admiral," "Vigilant," and "The Wizard," "Augur," and other Turf prophets.

It was the one fault the sporting spirits had to find with the King's Own's camp-time, that it was invariably fixed in the last week of May and the first week of June—all for the convenience of the farmer-troopers of the regiment to whom the usual summer camp of most units was inconvenient on account of harvest—and thus always included Derby Day.

"Chuck us your 'Form in a Nutshell,' Carteret," said Kernahan to his brother trooper who was dabbing with a towel at his damp sock when he peered in.

Carteret, however, was not one to miss a chance of being effective in the one line in which he was something of an expert.

He crossed to the tent opposite and, throwing himself into the only camp-chair available, he bade them explain the details of the dispute. It was over the breeding of a horse in the race.

"By Cyllene out of Sirenia," he said, without referring to his "Racing Man's Dictionary." "And what beats it," he added, with the inspired, secretive air, "will win this precious Derby—which, unless we break camp, I fear will be run without our distinguished presence, eh, Kernahan?"

"'Oh, where, and oh, where, has my Hielan' laddie gone?'" Kernahan sang, operawise, on one toe.

"Yes, but *they* were Highlanders from Brixton," said Stephen.

"Did any of you chaps ever break camp and barge off to the Derby?" asked the temporary tent-orderly, with interest. "None of us here have been in the regiment long. (Make yourself at home, Mr. Kernahan. Help yourself to the beer, Mr. Stephen. We've crates of it on order, or perhaps you prefer whisky, Mr. Alexander?)"

To explain such excessive politeness it should be observed that it was something of a distinction to have a visit from "Liberty Hall." The lesser lights of a sadly new Squadron "B" were not unmindful of it.

Kernahan poured the good beer down his ample throat.

"That's it," he said. "Always respect the aged, *mes enfants*."

"I'll bet," said the tent orderly, boldly, "that you blighters *have* broken camp and flopped off to Epsom in your time."

"You'd lose," said Kernahan, rather vaguely. "Besides, we aren't blighters. We're no end zealous, 'specially about Derby time. Remember how confoundedly zealous we were just two years ago, Stephen?"

"We were," said that worthy trooper, calmly. "Tempted but undefiled, my good merchants. . . . They were from Brixton, certainly, Kernahan, but they were like the soldier in 'The Banks of Allan Water' song. They had the winning tongue."

"They had," said Kernahan, from a Government mattress. "We'd been out riding—Hall in charge of a party of four—when we tumbled across those noblemen. We'd cast our anchor (excuse my being so nautical) in as pretty a little public as you could wish to see in the country. We'd hunted up the previous Sunday's 'Weekly Sensationalist,' and Carteret—you know what Carteret is—commenced to find fault with their list of starters and jockeys for the forthcoming Derby. He said they'd got the colours wrong in two instances, and that, most certainly, some jockey or other they'd got down would not be up on *that* animal. Carteret would have been a great sporting journalist if he was not so absent-minded as to reverse things. It makes the critics chortle, you know, when some yearling is put down as by the dam out of the sire. Well, anyway, he was spotting holes in the paper's hosiery in the usual way of men who can't begin to do one little thing with half a degree of accuracy themselves, when in swaggered these bare-knee'd men from the banks and tram-termini o' bonnie Brixton. They were stationed with their regiment, we gathered, at our history-crusted county town hard by the ancient frowning castle.

"Carteret, very important, kept on with his paper, and jawed about Derbys he'd seen, Derbys he'd backed winners of, Derbys over which he'd lost sums that I don't believe he'd ever seen, except in Hall and Knight's mathematical books. He affected to take little notice of the new-comers. He was a sportsman with reminiscences—dukes he'd offered cigarettes to at Epsom, girls on coaches who'd smiled at him and asked him to share the wing of a chicken with 'em, what he'd said to Lord Rosebery when he stood on his toe. You chaps know the sort of thing. Where is the man with pride so small that he hasn't swanked a little in his time—just coloured up the cherry a bit?

"The Highlanders sat taking it all in like Barbary apes chewing illimitable nuts, or like you stay-at-home punters reading up ten different and entirely contradictory training reports and digesting 'em all.

"'''Spect you'd like no end of keepin' aw'y from the Derby,' says one of 'em. I think his name was MacSmithkins, or something like that. That was his tone of voice, anyway.

"'Rather!' said Carteret, still swanking, and not knowing that they were fully aware we were in camp. ''Specially as I've got some very exclusive information about a hanimal in this race wot can give the field a couple o' stone an' -roll 'ome *bar* nothin'!' Like an Epsom tipster with a gullible audience he rolled it out—all to show off in front of the company.

"'Pleased to hear it, guv'nor,' says one of the soldiers. 'It's what we're looking for ourselves. Somethin' able to give the field a couple o' stone and still doddle it. What is it?'

"'Ah!' says Carteret.

"'Didn't know there was a horse o' that name in the race,' says MacSmithkins.

"'Well, you see,' says old Carteret, for all the world as if he were in the confidence of owners and trainers. 'The true racing man doesn't spread his knowledge about. But I'll give you a line by telling you that it's owned by one of our officers.'

"I proceeded to think what a fine liar old Carteret was. It was the first I'd heard of this dark horse owned by any officer of ours.

"'Well, we shall be at Epsom in the ten-bob tank on Derby Day,' says MacSmithkins. 'We'll see you there if you like, and you can tell us then.'

"'Right,' says Carteret.

"And then, as the novelist puts it, a surprising thing happened, my bonny boylets.

"'You bally young swanker,' says MacSmithkins, with just a sufficient touch of humour in the sentence to avoid the necessity of our firmly reproaching him. 'You're in camp. You're troopers—same rating as us. We're going to the Derby, my boy, because we've got an easy-goin' old apology for a maiden aunt for a colonel, and we can just come back contrite of heart and a little drunk an' say we were celebratin' the birth of a nevvy. But you'll be doing your little ride round on that day, swelterin' under the sun. And as for your dark horse—well, you'll wire away a dollar on it perhaps!'

"Now that was putting us right at it, wasn't it, Carteret?"

Trooper Carteret, who had been wading through the two-year-old form of his fancy for the big race, looked up.

"Rather. You took it to heart, old K., didn't you? I was stumped, momentarily, I'll admit, but yet it was a pull out of the mud when you came out with the smashin' reply:

"'We'll meet you in the ten-bob tank on Derby Day,' you said, just quietly, but it went home."

Kernahan laughed.

"And I'd about as much idea of how we should do it as a recruit has of unravelling the saddlery sent him straight from headquarters.

"'Right you are,' said the Highlanders. But they were a little weak about it now. You could see it in their faces.

"'Come,' I said. 'You've got a maiden aunt for a colonel. We've got a man. Surely *you're* not jibbing?'

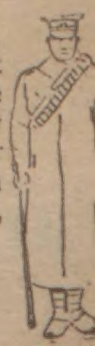
"Oh, no. They weren't afraid, they said.

"Well, when they left us, old Stephen there—serious old blighter—took a very dramatic view of the thing.

"'There! you have gone and put the pepper in the cat's milk now, old boy,' he said. 'Seems to me that our career's ended. We've got as much chance of not bein' missed from a little handful like ours as Nelson's monument has of being annexed unnoticed from Trafalgar Square. Yet, hang it,' he said, 'even if we get kicked out of the regiment for it, I'm not going to have a lot of pink-eyed pifflers like our Hielan' friends doing it on the accredited representatives of Squadron 'B.' We must go out for it now.'

"That was entirely right. The little question that remained was how.

"We tried legitimate means first of all. We put in for a permit for the day off for business reasons. You can usually get a day. But, as it happened, half the regiment seemed to have important business appointments, and very early on the eve of the race there was a notice up which politely observed that arrangements had been made for a cinematograph picture of the Derby to be shown by the bandstand the next evening. Below it,



apparently unconnected, yet clearly a rider to that notice, was a statement that all men requiring business leave for Derby Day must give their reasons very clearly.

"Our application for a business permit, therefore—and what could be more urgent than the business of the honour of the Squadron?—came back with an unconditional refusal.

"The Sergeant-Major handed 'em to us, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"'All right Sergeant-Major,' I said shaking his flipper. 'Then, frankly, it's good-bye. Because——,

"And I just told him all about it. How these blessed Highlanders were going to score off us completely and laugh all round their beastly barrack-room about the King's Own men who daren't chance breaking camp.

"'To serious-minded people that 'ud be a mark of sense,' said the Sergeant-Major. But I could see that he wasn't looking for any philosophy in soldiers. As far as the barrack-room of the Highlanders was concerned we should be just milk-sops.

"I saw it was the time to strike.

"'If you could help us to get clear in, anyway, Major,' I had the cheek to say. 'If you could wink the other eye——'

"'Dam' ye, boy!' he rapped out. 'D'ye think I'd do that?'

"(You know how Irish he becomes when he gets his rag out.)

"'I'm sorry,' I said.

"'Sorry!' says he. 'Why, begad, you ought to be hung—askin' a man to do a mean thing just so as you can go and see the Derby.'

"My, it was the only tiff I've ever had with the 'Major. I don't want another. He can say words that just slice pieces off you.

"'But you're taking it wrong. I was half-joking,' I said. But the old 'Major, swinging along very stiffly, was ten paces away from me by then.

"I went back to Stephen and Carteret. I had to confess I'd made a muck of it.

"*They* proceeded to say just a few words, then.

"'By gosh—and you call yourself a bally diplomat!' was the burden of their chant.

"And that young blighter, Carteret, there—the real cause of the whole thing, mind you, through swanking beyond his strength—observed that the one consolation he'd got was that we should all be drummed out together."

Carteret yawned.

"Couldn't you see I was pulling your fat leg, you old cockyolly bird?" said he.

"No, I'll be hanged if I could. If it hadn't been a rule of the Tenth Legion that we'd got to be prepared to suffer for our brothers-in-arms, hanged if I wouldn't have left you to go to hell—or the Derby—in your own vacillating way. . . . Well, anyhow, my beloved 'earers, that night was a gummy night for the three of us. Just think, 'sposin' *you* knew you were just bound to get kicked out of the Squadron to save the Squadron becoming the laughing-stock of a lot of Elephant and Castle Grenadiers. It isn't cheering. It makes you look round your comfy little tent, to your bright old sword, and the uniform that's made you swell out your chest. You fish out your helmet an' plume, an' sort of have a last look at 'em. You look at the dress spurs that have glinted on your dancing patents in many a gorgeous ball-room. . . . I think I shall remember the morning of that Derby Day clearer than all others. The grey dawn—remember it, Stephen?"

Stephen nodded.

"That I do. . . . Cold, chilly, ugh! Don't talk about it."

"It was more than the cold that ran down our spines," Kernahan went on. "But the only train that would get us to Epsom left precious early. 'Stables' had only just gone when, wearing our uniform with honour for what seemed to us the last time, we walked out of the tent. Yes, and not a bit of backbone in our walk, either. We were just rags.

"We passed the lines sentry with a casual nod, as if we were strolling down to stables. Then we came to the man at the Park gates. I'd opened my mouth to tell him to let us pass or be flung aside, when he handed me an official-looking note."

Kernahan paused, and smiled as with relief. His face was red with the recollection of the worst moment in his Territorial career.

"It was an order signed by the Colonel, countersigned by the Quartermaster-Sergeant, and initialled by the Sergeant-Major—you know how these things have to be wrapped round with red tape. The papers with it showed the authority of Troopers Stephen, Carteret, and Kernahan to proceed to a Woolwich depôt (by railway passes enclosed), take over the new gun for the Machine Gun Section, and bring it back to camp the next day.

"A totally unofficial word or two by the Sergeant-Major said: 'If you've really got the pluck to take the course I fully expect of you, you'll get this. Good luck.'"

"And a postcript added, 'I only hope you'll be cheering our Colonel-in-Chief's horse first past the post to-day.'"

"Thus," Kernahan concluded, "we saw Minoru win."

PUZZLING PROBLEMS

AND SOME COMMON-SENSE SOLUTIONS.

There are more than one exceedingly uncomfortable social situations in which we are nowadays unwittingly liable to find ourselves; and for the benefit of any men who require them, an Artful Dodger has here set down some frequently-occurring "posers," with his suggested answers thereto.

If the wife of your bosom, who has black hair, espies a golden hair on the shoulder of your coat, and asks whose it is, tell her the truth—namely, that it belonged to some barmaid. But tell her so with a self-satisfied smirk—and she will instantly fly to the conclusion that you put it there yourself in order to make her jealous and take a rise out of her.

Jones, who has a pretty sister, wants you to play cricket in his scratch team, and Robinson, who has an equally attractive one, wants you to play for *his* side. Which team are you to choose? ANSWER: Choose the combination captained by the man whose sister makes the best cakes.

You are equally smitten with the charms of two girls, each of about the same age, and each equally capable of supporting a husband. Which are you to choose, and how are you to decide? ANSWER: Smoke strong shag in the company—preferably in the best drawing-room—of each. The girl who bears it most complacently will be the more equable-tempered helpmate.

You owe your tailor a small bill, and he has the bad taste to worry you for it. Going along a narrow street, you see him approaching you, only a few yards off. What are you to do? ANSWER: Accost him calmly and request the loan of a sovereign. If you get it, so much the better; and even if you don't, your previous tormentor will take good care to give *you* a wide berth next time he sees you coming.

C. MASON.

"THE MODERN MAN" CIGARETTES.

In addition to the list we have already published of tobacconists who now stock MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco, we have to add the following names: Mr. Jinvey, 69, High Street, Southampton; Mr. C. Collis, 128, Commercial Road, Portsmouth; and Messrs. W. J. Rugg and Co., 17, Holyrood Street, Newport, I. of W. If you have any difficulty in obtaining these cigarettes locally, you can get them direct from the manufacturers, Messrs. Bewlay, 49, Strand, London, who will forward you a supply by post.

ARMY WIDOWS' PENSIONS.

HOW THE STATE LOOKS AFTER THE RELICTS OF ITS FIGHTING MEN.

The poorness of the Army officer's pay is to some extent compensated for by the fact that when he dies the State will look a ter his womenfolk.

Ordinarily, pensions are granted to officers' widows and children, but if an officer has been killed in action, or has died of wounds received in action, pensions may be granted to his mother or sisters.

The scale of Army pensions is not high, and compares very unfavourably with that of the Indian Civil Service, of which it is said that the moment a man gets into it he is worth £300 a year to his widow.

The widow of an Army subaltern, for example gets no more than £80 a year at the most, and that only if her husband was killed in action or died of wounds received in action.

If death was caused by disease, fatigue, or exposure contracted or endured on active service or military duty, the officer's widow may be granted a pension of £60 a year; but if her husband died, so to speak, a natural death, then she must make shift with £40 a year.

There is, however, a compassionate allowance of from £10 to £15 a year for each child up to the age of eighteen in the case of boys, or twenty-one in the case of girls, over and above the mother's pension.

The ordinary pension for the widow of a Field-Marshal or General Officer is only £120 a year, with a compassionate allowance of £20 a year for each child.

It is fair to point out, however, that the children of Army officers can obtain free, or nearly free, education at special schools for the sons and daughters of officers.

If an officer marries after the age of sixty, or if he take to himself a spouse who is more than twenty-five years his junior, his widow has no claim to a pension—that is, if the marriage took place after June 30, 1881.

Either in lieu of or in addition to pensions, lump sums of money in the form of gratuities may be granted to the widows of officers killed in action or who died of wounds received in action.

These gratuities range from £100 in the case of a second-lieutenant's widow to the handsome solatium of £3,500 granted to the widow of a Field-Marshal dying in such circumstances.

The widow of a warrant officer—*e.g.*, a sergeant-major—may be granted a pension of from £20 to £30 a year, according as to whether her husband was killed in action or not, together with a compassionate allowance of from £5 to £6 5s. per annum for each child.

The warrant officer, however, must have married under the age of forty-five and be not more than twenty-five years older than his bride if she is to have any claim for pension.

In the case of widows of N.C.O.'s and men pensions may be granted, provided that the deceased was killed in the performance of military duty, or died of wounds or injuries sustained while on military duty, or died of disease certified to have been contracted while on active service.

The rate of pensions varies from 5s. to 10s. a week, according to the rank held by the deceased. Pensions of from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a week may also be granted to each child.

Of course, if an Army widow, whether her husband was officer or man, remarries, her pension stops from the date of her remarriage, though it may be restored should she again become a widow.

In the case, however, of widows of N.C.O.'s and men remarrying it is customary to give them a wedding present in the shape of a gratuity equal to one year's pension.

All pensions, I may point out, are given as an act of grace, and are liable to forfeiture should the recipients, in the opinion of the military authorities, prove unworthy of holding them.

G. ELLIOTT.

HIDDEN VOICES

A SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

The day of hard work—it has been the crescendo note of a ill-oiled lawn mower that has accompanied my toil to-day—has perhaps earned for me this hour of rest in my sun-screened camp chair in the very midst of the show of my handiwork. I look down along velvety lines, dark green and light green, where the mower has taken its course to and fro with as much accuracy as we care to bother about here in this quiet part of the world. The extra sixpence paid by Mr. Smith, the carrier—the most far-seeing of deputy shoppers in the market town—for the canopy on my camp stand, wondrous to write, the screws hold it, as they should do, at any angle) it gives me at once shade from the late afternoon sun and — the voices. Shade from voices, I know, sounds a bit Irish, but you know quite well what I mean.

It is blossom time as I write, the prettiest time in all such little gardens as mine, that, though not to rise to anything like the flaunting glory of even a small orchard, yet are not without their chance cherry-tree, their unobtrusive apple or pear tree, showing just casually behind a lilac bush or standing, entirely without distinction in the winter months, by the side of a weeping willow or some such brother-growth that displays Nature's lesser aristocracy when good Mother Nature dresses her children with summer dresses according to their station.

I can catch myself wondering, now that I can see straight in front of me but striped canvas, if the little weeping willow just behind my chair is in the light breeze because he is jealous of the perky crab-apple sprig (one cannot give the little chap, who is but three feet high, any more dignified name), who, a sociable neighbour through the winter when the east wind, no respecter of persons, was shaking him about in company with all his brethren, has now had the cheek to appear as a regular dog in a pink that is making friends talking to me over the garden, or two for a buttonhole with which to attract the attention of the fair marketers in town.

"Zeak-zeak" goes the weeping willow in his jaunty little way that shows his breeding. "Think you're something of a style, don't you? Zeak-zeak to you, little old Mr. Stuck-up!"

Over the fence and beyond the road, where my wealthier neighbour has a garden and two gardeners, I can hear Jargles holding forth to the carrot-haired, blue-eyed Mills.

"It be hot," says Jargles.

"It is that," says Mills. "Rare heavy dew last night, a bit of a fog-like early this 'ere marnin'. The trees ha' all reg'lar jumped on since I was Seems to me as if they've just not lookin' an' then done a big

"Right, John," says Jargles.

Mills is one to think that if the estimable Jargles (who annoys me a little because he is high upon seventy, and has got a complexion as clear as the day, and not a wrinkle in his eyes) had stated that it was his opinion that the trees were backward for the time of year, he would still have agreed with him. The men of this land never argue except once a year, and that is at flower-show time, as to which they are quite right in the table-poultry, cabbage, beet, or potato classes. For the judge, the winner; against, the runner-up.

But Jargles and Mills having moved off to agree in another part of the garden about something else, it is the musical charm of the ringing anvil that calls to me now from somewhere beyond the tall rookery to the right of me. I can hear my good friend, the blacksmith, at his melodious work in his forge.

"Tink-a-tang, tink-a-tang" is borne on the soft breeze quite merrily, singing the song of the love of toil, which just suits the blacksmith.

And presently I can hear the new shoes ringing on the hard road, and it is the cheery squire himself who tells me in passing that he has been making Ted Knowles (that is the blacksmith) sweat for his living.

And I listen to his voice as he talks to his mare, until finally only the clatter of her hoofs can be heard dying away in the distance.

Now a cooler wave is tempering the breeze, the sun's disc is showing, splodgily gold, through my shading canopy. Previously there have been bird-choruses all round me and high up in the blue. Twilight is, perhaps, an hour distant yet, but the sensible folk of the bird-world have left the upper air already, and now my ear can trace them in the fringe of trees or in the hedges where their nests were built this spring. Only a wild would-be-man-about-town youngster occasionally twitters past, but he is frightened clearly enough lest the dark should overtake him ere he reaches the home-hedge from which he has had the temerity to fly so far this day.

"Ch-weak, ch-weak!" he says to himself as he passes me; "I shall get in the very devil of a row when I get home."

That is how these youngsters talk, railing at themselves, yet feeling big and rakish in their way. It is even my thought when a late night at the squire's has assured a "next morning look" for me, so certainly to be observed and silently reproved by my Mrs. Hayes — most excellent of housekeepers—who from behind the dining-room window says to me now, "Your tea is ready, sir," That, at the moment, is as pleasant hearing to me as any of the voices my canvas-canopy has hidden from me this mellow afternoon.

RHODES' BENEFIT.

Wilfrid Rhodes, of the Yorkshire XI., is to have a benefit this season, and it should be a bumper one.

Although not a marvellous all-rounder, like his brother Yorkshireman, G. H. Hirst, Rhodes is a remarkable player, presenting, as he does, the probably unique instance of a man playing for England as a bowler, and afterwards being chosen to represent his country purely on his batting merits.

ONE USE FOR SAFETY RAZORS.

There are many men who do not like safety razors, but who yet keep one because they find it handy to trim the hair that grows in front of their ears.

If you shave yourself it takes a steady hand to trim and square the part where the hair of the head ends and the beard begins, but with the safety razor this can be accomplished very easily.

When you use a safety razor for this purpose only, a very cheap one will, of course, be quite good enough.

WHILE THE SUN SINKS.

A WOODLAND NATURE STUDY.

Of all the many spots where peace may be found round about the village, the stile that commands the footpath skirting the wood is the most peaceful.

Here for an hour, on every really quiet evening, the passing of day can be watched and enjoyed in a setting of infinite and absolute simplicity.

Setting sunlight on trees tends to make a pale gold haze that has wonderful qualities. It suggests the infinite solemnity of the coming night, and at the same time tinges everything with a certain homeliness. A sense of security seems to spread among the wild creatures, for, of whatever kind, they show surprising boldness and confidence, though fully aware of the human being sitting still upon the stile, watching their every movement.

At every yard or so along the edge of the wood the dead bracken and thick undergrowth is tunnelled by little round runs that lead deep into the heart of the wood. From far out in the field these dark little exits to safety, for rabbits surprised at their evening feed, can be seen. And every rabbit has its run.

It is into these dark circles in the hedge foot that they so often escaped in the winter when we prowled round with a gun. Walking a little way out from the wood we would put up many a squatter. Up went the gun, and, while bunny made a bee-line for the run-hole, we got well on to him. Then—bang! But as often as not at this moment the rabbit would disappear, and in running up not a trace of him could be seen. The experience probably comes within every man's own knowledge.

Just now, however, the gun is left at home. Every creature knows it, and acts accordingly.

Ten yards out from the dense cover of the wood the cock pheasants take a fastidious walk, pecking unconcernedly here and there on the ground, and stopping occasionally to utter a double, hoarse crow, and to flap their wings with a deep, reverberating sound. No movement of ours is unnoticed, and should we step down into the field, they all work towards cover, with as much dignity as possible, in case a sudden bolt should be necessary.

In and out amongst them innumerable blackbirds fly incessantly to and fro between the path and the wood. They clatter and scold for no reason whatever. Alighting in the path, a handsome cock, with yellow beak and plumage black as night, will flirt his tail up and down and then shoot back into the wood clattering out some warning that is taken up by twenty others.

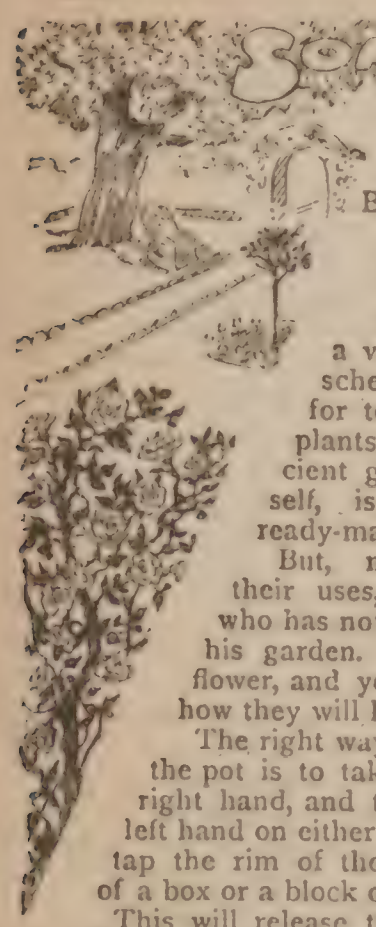
Far up the belt of wood, a long way from our stile on the roadside, pigeons in pairs come sailing in for the night. They circle cautiously over the wood, and then, assured that all is well, drop swiftly down and are lost among the trees.

The sun is very low now, and the rays have receded half-way up the field. The rest is in shadow, but towards the crest we can still watch the movements of the rabbits and hear the noisy blackbirds. The pheasants have gone deep into the woods and are now on their high perches, still crowing at intervals.

As the light grows dimmer we turn and watch the crimson disc of the sun as its lower edge seems to touch the horizon.

Quickly but steadily it sinks, falling almost perceptibly like a sun or a moon on the stage, until at last its orb is completely hidden, and all that remains is a rosy afterglow in the western sky, with here and there a streak of gold, where a cloud catches the departing rays and shows us that the sun we have lost is still shining on another hemisphere.

C. EASTON-GREY.



SOME PRACTICAL GARDEN HINTS.

BEDDING-OUT PLANTS —STORING BULBS— STAKING AND TYING

Bedding-out plants play a very secondary part in the scheme of the true gardener, for to depend on bedding-out plants, unless you have sufficient glass to raise them yourself, is like always wearing ready-made clothes.

But, nevertheless, they have their uses, especially to the man who has not much time to devote to his garden. They can be put in in flower, and you know at once exactly how they will look.

The right way to remove a plant from the pot is to take it upside down in the right hand, and to place the fingers of the left hand on either side of the plant. Then tap the rim of the pot lightly on the edge of a box or a block of wood.

This will release the plant from the pot, so that it rests on the left hand. The broken pieces of pot which have been used for drainage can then be removed and some of the outside roots loosened.

The hole, which should have been already dug, must be large enough for the whole of the pot soil to be completely covered. The loose soil must be pressed firmly around the plant, and a good watering given to settle the plant in its new quarters.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BULBS.

To make room for bedding-out plants it is often necessary to remove bulbs such as daffodils, crocus, narcissus, hyacinths and tulips, which still retain their leaves.

This should only be done if absolutely necessary, for it is better to leave the bulbs in the ground at least for two or three years without disturbing them. Narcissus and crocus especially should be left if possible.

The leaves should not be cut off, but they may be neatly tied in knots when they begin to flag, and left until they rot away from the bulb.

If, however, space is so limited that the bulbs have to be taken up to make room for summer flowers, they must be lifted carefully, without removing the leaves, and shifted to a spare corner of the garden and left there till their period of development has ended and the foliage turned brown.

If this has already happened, the bulbs can be lifted and laid out in a shady place to dry off, before being packed in boxes or trays and stored away in a dry shed or outhouse until autumn.

By leaving the bulbs in the ground and not cutting down the leaves until they are withered you give the bulbs a chance to multiply which they do not otherwise have.

The wrong way

and the right way of tying a bushy plant.

At this time of year many plants require staking and tying, and the gardener must provide himself with a good supply of stakes, either of the rough or the green-painted variety, of bass or green raffia tape, and of tarred twine.

Always, where possible, keep the supports out of sight. Some gardens in summer-time bristle with sticks and stakes that sadly mar the effect of the flowers.

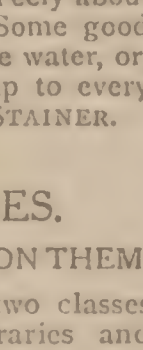
The stake must at first be taller than the plant, but it should be of such a height that the plant when full-grown will rise beyond it—how far beyond it depends on the strength of the stem.

There is a great art in tying a plant neither too tightly nor too loosely. The tie must give support against the strongest wind, but it must leave the stem free to develop and in no way hinder the flow of sap.

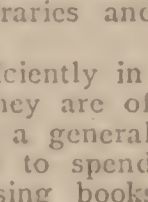
THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY.

It is fatal to attempt to tie a bushy plant to a single stick. It will be forced into an unnatural position and its growth as well as its beauty will be spoilt. Three or more sticks should be put in round the plant in a triangle or a circle, and a string passed round the whole with a twist round each stick. This gives the plant a chance to develop on normal lines.

If the plant has a single stem, the usual mistake is to tie it too tightly. As shown in the second illustration, the tie should be given a twist before being tied, so that there may be a certain amount of play and room for growth.



Wrong.



Right.

How to tie single stems.

Climbing roses often suffer from being tied too tightly, and many a promising shoot has been irreparably injured by a nurseryman's label having been left on without the strings being loosened.

There is a lot of thinning out to be done now in gardens where the annuals have been sown in the open in April or May. Probably in most cases the seeds have been sown too thickly—it takes a very experienced gardener to get over that fault—but the overcrowding which is so fatal can be remedied by transplanting the seedlings as soon as they are large enough to be handled, or as soon as they touch one another.

Late-planted sweet peas will probably need thinning out, if this has not already been done, and no time should be lost in putting in sticks for them. Beech twigs are most suitable for this purpose, and are by no means ugly before the peas cover them.

The syringe will have to be used freely about this time, especially on rose trees. Some good insect-killer should be mixed with the water, or, failing this, a teaspoonful of soft soap to every gallon of water.

C. B. STAINER.

OFFICERS' LIBRARIES.

WHAT THE WAR OFFICE SPENDS ON THEM.

Army officers are provided with two classes of libraries—namely, reference libraries and officers' mess libraries.

The nature of the former is sufficiently indicated by their title. Whether they are of much practical use is doubtful, as a general officer commanding is not allowed to spend more than £10 a year in purchasing books for each reference library in his command.

Officers' mess libraries, in the words of the King's Regulations, "are small libraries consisting of instructive and interesting publications, located in officers' messes in order to encourage the study of military literature."

Here, again, the authorities are parsimonious, £3 a year being the most that may be spent on any one mess library.

Large sums of money are spent upon the Army, and rightly so, but the authorities do not give sufficient encouragement to those officers who desire to bring their military knowledge to the highest pitch of perfection.

Our officers deserve well of their country, and they ought to have every facility for keeping pace with the officers of foreign armies.

WHAT IS WIT?

WITH SOME EXAMPLES.

It is extremely difficult to draw the line between wit and humour, and I do not pro- pose to try to do so.

Some time ago, however, I "drew" some well-known people on this subject and got them to give me their favourite examples of wit.

Mr. Max Pemberton, the popular novelist, plumped for the following passage of arms between a certain judge, and the late Mr. Lockwood, the famous barrister.

The Judge: You cannot teach me manners, Mr. Lockwood.

Mr. Lockwood: That is so, my lord.

Mention of one Lockwood reminds me of another—Colonel the Right Hon. Mark Lock- wood, P.C., M.P., who told me this story.

Allegations had been made against a cer- tain M.P. that flat property he owned in the West-End was let at high rates to ladies of extremely doubtful reputation.

Shortly after the rumpus caused by these charges, the M.P. in question was speaking on the commercial conditions of the country; and, turning to the Speaker, he exclaimed: "It is about time we set our house in order."

"It's your flats you mean," came a voice from the Irish benches, and the House smiled audibly.

No doubt you have heard of that witty Irish priest, the Rev. Father Mathew Russell, and he is fond of this story of another witty wearer of the cassock, the late Father Healey.

Father Healey was out for a walk with two young friends—the one a youth, the other a very pretty and charming girl, who walked between them.

She was carrying a bunch of roses, and presently she said: "Do you know anything sweeter than a white moss-rose?"

"Yes," said Father Healey, instantly. "I know something far sweeter, but," he added, turning to the youth on the other side, whose name was Frank, "that is between you and me, Frank."

Mr. John Foster Fraser, the well-known traveller and journalist, selects this as his favourite example of repartee.

A man in an omnibus was commenting vigorously on the behaviour of the Suffragettes who had just then been making themselves notorious.

It happened that one of the sisterhood was in the 'bus, and, goaded by his remarks, she burst forth with: "Sir, if you were my hus- band I would give you poison."

He looked at her, and then replied: "Madam, if you were my wife I should take it."

Mr. Oscar Browning, the eminent scholar, thinks that Talleyrand's retorts are incompar- able and mentions this one:

Bolus Smith, brother of Sidney Smith, was expatiating to Talleyrand on the beauty of his (Bolus's) mother, not being a good-look- ing man himself.

Talleyrand remarked: "*C'était donc votre père qui n'était pas si bien.*"

Mr. A. C. Benson likes this one:

George IV., to an old and not very reput- able acquaintance, on meeting him at Brighton:

"Ah——, they tell me you are the greatest rogue in Brighton."

"I hope your Majesty has not come here to take away my character," was the sweet reply.

My own favourite is told of the late Arch- bishop Magee.

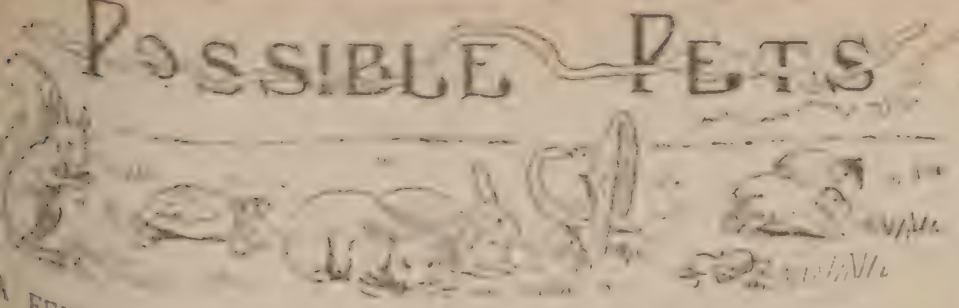
He and some other prelates had prepared a petition to the King beginning "Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness."

Exception was taken to the words as being too servile.

"Oh, that's easily altered," said Magee. "Let us say 'Conscious as we are of each other's unworthiness . . .'"

R. GIBSON.

POSSIBLE PETS



A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO IS FOND OF ANIMALS.

The ideal pets for a man are his horse and his dog if he is lucky enough to possess such beasts, but there are many others that a man may keep as pets.

... scribed in this article are inexpensive to buy and easy to look after, and they are both amusing and interesting.

PIGEONS.

Amongst the most delightful pets that a man can keep are pigeons. You can get a good pair of fantails for 6s. 6d., or a pair of accomplished tumblers for 5s. 6d., or a pair of natty little turbits for 3s. 6d.

It is not, however, necessary to expend so much money, for a pair of common pigeons of no particular breed, and obtainable from any bird dealer at about a shilling apiece, will give you as much amusement as their more highly-priced brothers. There is considerable satisfaction, however, in possessing birds of special breeds. Nothing is more interesting than to watch a flight of tumblers rising into the air, and then falling head over ... s and downwards, and gliding gently ... surface of the earth just as they ... it. Nothing is more amusing than to ... a fantail or a pouter strutting majestically ... the roof of his house, and, unable to see ... edge of it because of his puffed-out breast, flop awkwardly down to alight on the ground with a quaint mixture of surprise and indignation.

The man who is fond of cycling or long-distance walking will enjoy keeping a pair of homers, which ... get for 5s. 6d. To exercise these by taking ... a few miles from home will often induce him ... himself exercise when he would otherwise ...

... PETS.

If your garden is of such a character that you ... arrange a large and comfortable run, preferably with part of the branches of a tree enclosed, you might do worse than keep a squirrel.

The trade price is about 6s. 6d. each, and when buying it is best to get a young one, which you can rear more or less by hand, as in this way you can ... a tamer pet than would otherwise be ...

HEDGEHOGS.

Hedgehogs are very useful in the garden, as they do a great deal towards the extermination of all sorts of insects, and particularly of beetles, and as every gardener knows, garden beetles are very dangerous to plants, as they burrow to the roots and nibble them.

A hedgehog can be purchased from 1s. 6d. upwards, and can be made quite tame.

TORTOISES.

... interesting garden pet is the tortoise, ... from 1s. to 3s. 6d., according to size, ... like the hedgehog, it will become quite tame ... is given to it.

... for the gardener who has young and ... plants, to place a few short sticks amongst ... to prevent the tortoise from crawling over ... and crushing them. Apart from crushing ... in his leisurely and heavy progess, he ... do any damage in the garden.

FERRETS.

... get an untrained ferret for 3s. 6d., or ... s, while a ferret trained for rabbitting and ... will cost you anything up to 7s. 6d.

Ferrets are extremely intelligent, and it is erroneous to suppose that their one object in life is to catch you by the ball of the thumb and to insert their teeth deeply into your flesh.

Properly treated, the ferret is quite gentle, and as he accompanies his owner on sporting expeditions, he may well be considered a particular pet.

FANCY MICE.

It is erroneous to suppose that to take pleasure in the keeping of fancy mice is exclusively the privilege of boys. Many men go in for keeping mice, not only because the hobby is interesting, but also because it may be made profitable to a considerable extent.

Fancy mice cost you from a shilling a pair upwards, and a suitable cage can be bought for a number of shillings or so.

It is best, however, to build the cage yourself. A large soap or sugar box can be bought from the grocer for sixpence, and can be fitted in the front with glass or fine wire netting, and at the sides cigar boxes can be nailed and divided into cubicles for the various families of mice.

If you feed your brood in the evening, when mice are most active, and set a lighted candle inside the large box, you can sit at your ease and watch the mice run down the various little ropes and ladders that you have arranged for their benefit, and feed at the little dishes which you have filled with bread crumbs, oats and milk.

Of some of them you will make special pets, generally of the male mice, for they are bolder than their spouses. In fact, some of them become almost cheeky.

RABBITS.

It is interesting to keep fancy rabbits if you have a large garden with plenty of grass. The ideal way of treating them is to keep them in a hutch to which a large wire netting run is attached, so that the hutch can be lifted from one part of the grass to another, thus giving your rabbit fresh pastures every other day.

A rabbit may thus be made an efficient substitute for a lawn-mower, unless you find he has a tendency to scratch up the earth, when it will be necessary to cover the bottom of the run with wide meshed netting.

Rabbits of various breeds can be had from 1s. 6d. upwards.

GUINEA-PIGS.

These cost from 3s. 6d. a pair upwards, and are very interesting pets, although in winter special precautions have to be taken to prevent them from catching cold.

CANARIES.

The prices of canaries differ greatly. You can buy them from 3s. upwards, but for a really good cock canary in song you must pay about 10s. 6d.

Hartz Mountain Roller cock canaries in full song run up to 15s. each, while hens of the same strain can be bought for as little as 3s. each.

The bird fancier may give his preference to other birds than canaries, and there are many which are attractive, and which cost less, but there are few which seem so well content to live in captivity as does the canary.

T. CARTER.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING,

and there are various odds and ends of sporting tackle or camping kit that you will want to renew or exchange.

Our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page (p. iii. of cover) provides the best means of doing so.

WEST-END RESTAURANT SCANDALS.

SOME GRAVE ABUSES THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED.

For many years now the West-End of London has enjoyed no very enviable reputation as a centre of more or less openly-flaunted vice; but it is only quite lately that the height of daring has been reached.

An amazing disregard for the police has been shown recently, not only by individuals, but by larger bodies—notably catering companies, or proprietors of fashionable restaurants.

In a great many restaurants of the West-End things have reached so abandoned a pitch as to become a public danger.

We all know that a good many institutions of the West-End—notably music-halls—are recognised meeting-places, where men who are so inclined may form temporary acquaintanceships with women of the unfortunate class, but what a good many of us are unaware of is that a great many restaurants, of good appearance and, to all seeming, well conducted, are also used for the same purpose.

In one particular place, not many yards from Leicester Square, there is a regular *clientèle* of fallen women who frequent the restaurant every night.

"What of it?" you may ask. "The women go there to eat." But they don't. They go there for no other purpose than to meet men, and, what is more, they are charged an entrance-fee!

They sit down at a table, order nothing, but pay the waiter an agreed sum—about four shillings—for the privilege of sitting there until someone arrives who makes it worth their while to go away.

When he does come, by the way, he is exploited to an almost incredible extent. In the words of one of the female frequenters of the restaurant in question, spoken in the course of a conversation with the writer: "We don't 'alf play 'em up!"

Two detectives recently visited the place to make an investigation of the way in which it was conducted. Of course they went in plain clothes, playing the part of moneyed youngsters "seeing life"; and after quite a short time spent in the company of two fair ladies each had a bill which amounted to more than nine pounds!

It would be interesting to learn in what proportions those bills were "cut up" between the damsels, the waiter, and the management.

Surely such a state of things constitutes a grave scandal. To all appearances the restaurant in question is a quiet, well-conducted house, with cheerful, shaded table-lamps.

It is the sort of place to which paterfamilias, up from the country with his little brood, might easily take them for some supper after an evening at one of the theatres close by.

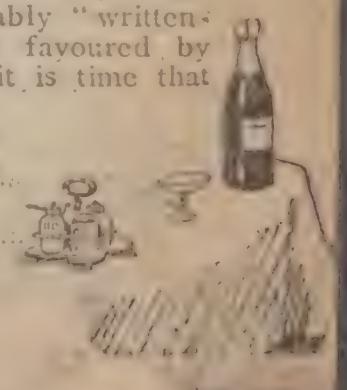
This is one of the contingent dangers to which the closest attention of the police should be drawn.

Not only are many such places dishonestly conducted, but sufficient warning is not afforded to the general public of the true nature of the establishments.

And now a final word on an even greater evil. There is a well-known restaurant in the neighbourhood of the Strand where members of an unspeakable brotherhood are wont to congregate, attired in the very latest modes of the effeminate exquisite. In view of the fact that the house is considerably "written-up" in certain papers greatly favoured by the callow "blood," we think it is time that some light was thrown upon it.

Perhaps this article will have the effect of rousing the police to action.

E. R.



GOLF POT-POURRI.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PLAYERS.

The American definition of an amateur golfer is as follows:

"No person shall be considered an amateur golfer or shall be eligible to compete in the Amateur Championship of this (the United States Golf) Association who receives a monetary consideration, either directly or indirectly, by reason of connection with, or skill displayed in, playing the game of golf or other branches of athletics."

The chief points of difference between our own and the American definition are:

(1) We for ever bar the man who has carried clubs for hire after the age of 16 (that is, if the proposed new definition finally becomes law—under the old rule the age was 15), whereas an American may be a caddie up to any age he likes and then turn amateur.

(2) The Americans bar the player who is a professional at other sports than golf, we do not.

Many people imagine that where golf is played on a common the public can go anywhere they like on the common, but this is not so. The only persons who have a right to full use of a common are the lord of the manor or those who are tenants of the lord of the manor. The public may have a right of way across the common, but if they leave the public paths they become trespassers.

Where, therefore, golfers play on a common as tenants of the lord of the manor, they are not responsible for any damage they may do to members of the general public wandering about the common and off the paths.

On most London commons, however, the public have extended rights of user, and the niceties of the law on this point did not prevent my bolting like a gingered hare the last time I drove a ball into a trespassing baby's perambulator.

To the wrath of old-fashioned golfers, various fancy ways of playing have been introduced of late.

One of these is known as the "Choice Score" competition, which is played by strokes only.

Here each player plays two rounds of the links. At the end he is entitled to select his better score at corresponding holes of each round.

For example, suppose that for the first hole he takes four on the first round and six on the second round, he is entitled in reckoning up his final score for eighteen holes to put down four for No. 1, and so on with all the other holes until he gets his best score for the eighteen.

Under the American tournament system play is by matches, and each player meets every other player once. A cross is marked for each win, a naught for a halved match, and a minus for a defeat. Victory goes to the man who scores the most wins; in the event of a tie, then to him who has the greater number of halved matches.

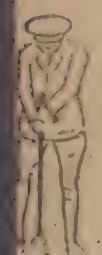
The prize-money in the Open Championship which is now approaching is allocated as follows:

Winner: Championship Cup, Gold Medal and £50 in money.
Second: £25.
Third: £15.
Fourth: £10.
Fifth: £7 10s.
Sixth: £7 10s.

Amateurs, of course, compete in the Open Championship, but are ineligible for the money prizes.

In the Amateur Championship the winner gets a gold medal, the loser in the Final a silver medal, and the two losers in the Semi-Finals bronze medals.

R. GRAHAM.



MY NOTEBOOK.

CAMP. The majority of provincial Yeomanry regiments hold their annual training at this time of the year, and I have received many inquiries from readers, asking me for general advice in regard to camp.

I have published, from time to time, articles giving useful tips for camp, and in most cases I have given to the writers of them suggestions from my own experience.

I have sometimes doubted, however, whether it is advisable to publish such articles, for, if you come to think of it, it rather takes the gilt off the whole experience if a man is posted up in advance. The novelty of camp is one of the chief attractions about it, and if you possess the faculty of adaptability you will be all right.

SLEEP. Camp is by no means all a bed of roses, but if you are interested in military work, as of course you are if you go to camp, you will thoroughly enjoy the experience as a whole, although at times, when you are sweating and tired, you may wonder why in the world you ever joined.

There is one thing that many men forget, and that is that their life at camp is essentially different from their ordinary life.

The majority of Territorials are indoor workers, and, life in the open-air being so essentially different from their ordinary life, they are physically upset by the change.

It is common knowledge that many men, otherwise healthy, become ill about the second or third day at camp for no apparent reason. The sudden change from living in a stuffy office to life in the open-air has upset them, but it would not have done so had they been wise enough to secure sufficient sleep.

I remember at my first camp getting a tip from a particular friend, and it is a tip worth passing on. It was to secure as many naps during the day as possible.

I adopted it with much advantage, for I am lucky enough to possess the faculty of sleeping at any time, and under any circumstances, if I am in need of sleep, and I can, moreover, wake up after a quarter-of-an-hour's nap without any of the usual drowsy after-effects.

At camp you are up early, and you get to sleep very late indeed. The hard outdoor work to which you are probably unaccustomed makes it advisable that you should have more sleep than usual, but, as a matter of fact, you have less.

You can, however, put things right by taking a nap whenever the opportunity occurs, and it is my own habit at camp to slip into my tent whenever there is a quarter-of-an-hour when I shall not be required, and to go sound asleep for that period.

The friend who gave me the tip was in another tent, and it used to be said by the others that if either of us were not about we should be found asleep in our tents. But both of us were always fresh and bright for early morning stables, and turned out shaved and correctly dressed, because, instead of being half asleep when the sun rose, we were quite ready for work, owing to our intermittent naps.

"MR." I have received rather a remarkable letter from a railway ticket collector in Scotland. He says:

"During my work to-day, I had occasion to deal with four of the company's free passes. Two were issued to engine-drivers, who were attending a society meeting as delegates. The passes were made out to John D—— and Peter M——. Both are men over forty years of age.

"The other two passes were issued to Mr. W—— and Mr. C——, booking clerk and weighs clerk respectively, both young men, one not over twenty years of age.

"Now what I want to get at is, are men who do dirty work in the course of their duty, such as engine-drivers and firemen, to be called by their Christian names, while a clerk with about £50 a year is to be called Mr. So-and-So? Is it right?"

I suppose it is. The title of Mr. is, in my opinion, of small value, and when men are intimate with one another, they drop it altogether and use the surname only. Where there is not this intimacy, as in the case of subordinates in an office, it is, I think, best to be very careful to address the people concerned with the complimentary title of Mr., for to address a man under such circumstances by his surname would be to reduce him to the level of your groom, because you would not be using his surname as a mark of intimacy.

That, however, applies to office etiquette. With regard to dealing with working men, it would, I think, be absurd to use the title of Mr. all round. Your groom, for example, is a perfectly honest and hard-working person, but he would be quite upset if you addressed him as Mr. So-and-So. You call him by his surname, or, if you get to like him, perhaps you address him by his Christian name.

It is all a matter of habit and etiquette and taste combined, and I think that the average engine-driver would be a good deal put out if he found the directors of his company referring to him as Mr., whereas the clerk worker, owing to tradition, may reasonably claim that title. Anyhow, it does not matter much, for it is the man that counts and not the name.

SHARES For the benefit of those desirous of taking up shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., I print an application form on page 2 of the cover.

In accordance with the offer I have already made, and in accordance with the prospectus duly filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, I shall present, free of all cost, one of my own fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares to each of my friends and readers who take up one pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares.

DISGRACING THE UNIFORM. I have just been reading in a London evening paper that some of the toy dogs recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace Show had kennel-maids in attendance, and that these kennel-maids were dressed in orthodox nursing costumes.

In my opinion it is a disgraceful thing that these maid-servants, whose duty it is to look after dogs, should be permitted to assume the noble uniform of the hospital nurse. That uniform, in my humble opinion, is the finest dress that any woman can wear.

Women who become nurses sacrifice many things for the sake of their profession and for the sake of humanity. They work for little pay, the salaries in most hospitals being about the same as those paid to domestic servants, and being merely a living wage. They take the risk of infection, they devote their tenderness and sympathy to the care of patients who are absolute strangers to them. They are fine women.

I believe that there are now certain regulations with regard to the abuse of the Red Cross uniform by comedians on the music-hall stage. I should be pleased to see some similar restraint placed upon those stupid owners of lapdogs in regard to the dressing of the women who attend to their unhappy pets.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE "CHEAP DAY."

HUMOURS OF A POPULAR WEEKLY EVENT.

It is not the day that is cheap, if the truth are told, but the third-class return railway from our expanding "towny" village the big city—*the* City.

Every Wednesday for two-and-eightpence can get there and back again, and our ice of trains is only limited so far as the d journey is concerned. We can come up to midnight. And of it is very nearly midnight.

are many aspects of this cheap-day that are distinctly humorous to . Other aspects are dis- teresting. Some are neither the one ther, but are annoying.

know nothing about our business, not fail to notice that something in the wind every Wednesday morning. Towards ten o'clock our main street would quite a festive appearance. All our ing lights of fashion are to be seen easily towards the railway station. They in full dress, too, and are hardly recog- able as the homely bodies who chatted customers over the counter yesterday, or were busy hanging out domestic washing the Monday.

Gathered on the platform they form a ightful study. If the day is fine, they all aglow with suppressed delight at being road with their peers, purses full of money, all sorts of plans for shopping in town. ing as a community in about eight they all know each other, but to see the one conscious unconsciousness of one as he, she, or they pass by another with whom visiting terms have not been lished, is to see very far into one side human nature.

From scraps of conversation dropped (un- essarily loudly) while they wait for the n, it might be supposed that a good many them had qualms about making use of so ular an institution as the cheap train. h is by way of excuse—"had to do a ping,'" "thought I'd just run up, to catch this train. Isn't it so on. A few, however, speak delightedly of the grand oppor- coupled with a growl at the high price ordinary fare.

When the train at length comes in there is arious dive for separate carriages. The spect of sin opposite to each other and all the way to town that nothing about each other, and to their eyes turned out of window rather be caught spying at a neighbour's clothes, too awful a prospect for the average cheap from our little town.

among the townspeople are travellers who have come in from unding country. have driven in from farms five miles order to catch the cheap train. have none of the false pride which excuse for getting much for little. was not a cheap one, they would just as in the case of the towns- The difference is that the country is in no stew to hide its apprecia- ities.

It is rather trying. Local among those who happen to be g together by force of unkind circum- does not supply enough occupation the whole way. There are awkward

at last the train draws into the a kind of sigh goes up from the travellers are able to lose ly and easily in the indif- e, and can go their several ly.

M. BRUCE.

SPORTING STORIES

THE DEFENDER.

"You little wretch," said Tommy's mother. "You've been fighting again. Your clothes are absolutely filthy with mud, your lips are swollen, and there is a black bruise on your cheek."

She went over to the corner of the room, where was kept a large stick for Tommy's benefit.

"Mother, dear," said Tommy, "I don't think that you'll whack me when I tell you that these marks are due to my having prevented a poor little boy from getting a thrashing from another boy."

The stick was replaced in its corner. The hard lines vanished from the face of Tommy's mother, and her expression became beautifully sympathetic.

"And who, my dear son," she said, "was the little boy?"

"Me," said Tommy.

EVIDENCE.

"Has Jack come back from school?" asked the lady, as she returned from a shopping expedition.

"I think so, ma'am," said the servant. "I haven't seen him, but the puppy's hiding."

WHY HE WAS INTERESTED.

The man with the long hair and the soft felt hat observed that another man, sitting opposite him in the railway carriage, kept looking at him intently.

At last he could stand it no longer, and he bent forward and said to his vis-à-vis:

"Excuse me, sir, but might I ask why it is that you keep staring at me so? I know that my features are believed by some to be perfect, and that the colour of my hair is considered exceptionally fine, and I could understand a lady taking such an interest in me, but in the case of a man ——"

"It isn't that," said his vis-à-vis, "but my wife has always said that I'm the ugliest man in the world. Now, I've been thinking that if I could only persuade you to come home with me and see her, she might change her opinion."

HABIT.

"Revenge! R-r-revenge!!" shouted the villain at the amateur theatrical performance. "I'll have my r-r-r-revenge!!!"

His aspect was ferocious and his voice was terrifying. The hero, who in private life was a draper's assistant, quailed visibly, and in his panic forgot his lines.

"Yes, sir, yes," he stammered. "Revenge forward! Anything else I can show you, sir?"

WHEN RECEIVING GOODS.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

At this time of the year there are few men who do not make purchases of one sort or another in the town, wherever it may be, and who avail themselves of the shopman's obliging question: "Shall I send this for you, sir?"

It may be a suit or a lawn mower, or a bicycle, or a fishing outfit, or a tennis net, or any of the hundred and one articles for sport, dress, the garden, the house, and what not.

In many cases these goods are sent by train. Sometimes they are despatched by the ordinary slow and cumbersome goods train to your local station. Sometimes they are sent, if you are in a hurry for them, by passenger train. Or they may be consigned to the tender mercies of the carrier, whose boy has not the respect for your property that he should have.

But it matters not what means are used to get them home. The point is that between the time they are purchased and the time they reach the purchaser's home they pass through the hands of third persons and companies.

It is a very pleasant experience to receive a notification from the goods office at the village station saying that a bicycle has arrived and that it awaits removal.

As a rule you do not want telling twice that it has arrived. In all probability you hurry off to the station, "sign for it," and wheel it away in triumph.

But you should not be in such a violent hurry to "sign for it." By doing so you practically acknowledge that you received it from the carrying agent—whether railway or other firm—in perfect condition, or at least in the same state in which it was sent off.

It may happen, however, that you discover defects on unpacking it. Breakages may have occurred, and you are practically without remedy against the company.

The best course to adopt in cases of goods being sent to you is to examine them carefully *before* signing for them and removing them. If you cannot do this, you can protect yourself to a certain extent by signing for them, and adding the statement "not examined."

H. FLEMMING.

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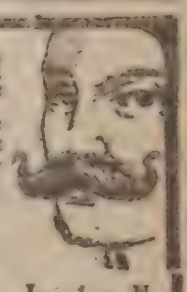

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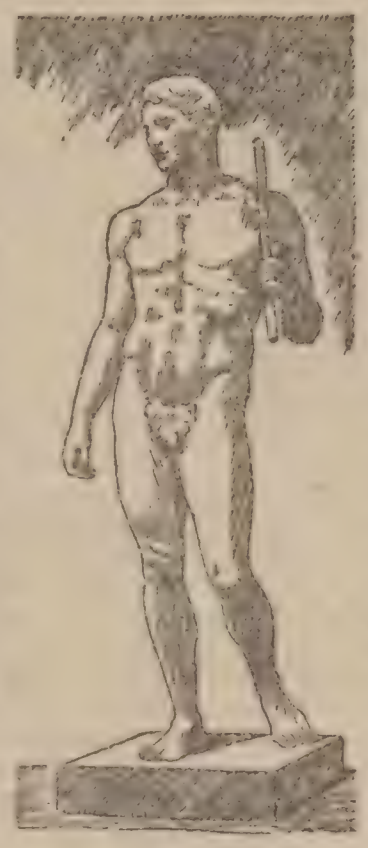
HOW TO INCREASE THE HEIGHT.

A PRACTICAL ARTICLE SHOWING HOW A MAN MAY INCREASE HIS HEIGHT EVEN UP TO THE AGE OF FORTY.



The man who is desirous of increasing his height can, in most cases, do so within a week by at least one and a half inches.

I do not refer in the case of this rapid increase to real growth, but to apparent growth, and, as the seeker after height is usually a student of appearances and desirous of immediate results, I shall deal with this matter first.

There is no question here, of course, of growing. It is simply a matter of making the most of one's natural stature.

The secret lies in straightening yourself out.

Walking easily, or even slovenly, you never quite straighten your knees, you allow your shoulders to droop forward, and you permit your spine to curve in too much at the waist.

For a start, practise walking as erectly as possible, in soldierly fashion, but with soldierly ease and without stiffness.

You will find that walking in this manner is by no means so easy as walking in a slovenly fashion. Tramps walk in a slovenly fashion because they find it easiest, and perhaps a slovenly fashion is the more natural, but it makes a man seem much shorter than he is.

Remember that walking in an erect style will at first entail considerable strain, especially on the heart, and if you find that walking in this manner is not comfortable to you, you should continue it for only a few minutes at a time, increasing the practice gradually until you make it your habitual method of walking.

Testing the straightness of the spine

As to straightening the spine, the best way is to stand with your backbone against the edge of an open door, and to endeavour to move your body in such a way that the spine will be, as nearly as possible, parallel with the perpendicular edge of the door.

You will find that you can get it a little straighter at the waist and at the shoulders, and wherever you can get it straighter, there you will gain additional height.

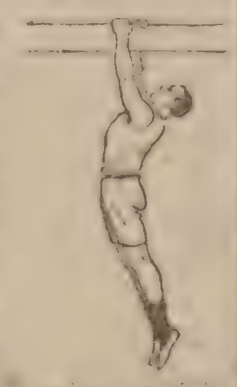
It is advisable to practise this every morning and every evening. Straighten the spine as much as possible, and, keeping the heels on the ground, endeavour to raise your head as high as you can, as if you were doing your utmost to reach a height standard of which you were just a quarter of an inch short.

By following this exercise, and by adopting the style of walking which I have described, you will raise your apparent height by an inch and a half within the first week.

To increase the *real* height, however, we must have growth, and it will be well to dip a little into anatomy.

In the spine there are twenty-three joints. There are also joints at the hips, knees, and ankles. We have, therefore, twenty-six joints which concern us in the matter of height.

In each of these joints there is a layer of cartilage, which is a cushion of elastic substance. It is impossible to induce the bone to grow beyond what nature has ordained, but this layer of cartilage in each of the twenty-six joints can be made to grow considerably.



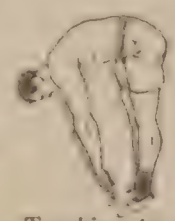
A good stretching exercise.

It will not adversely affect the general well-being of the body to increase the thickness of cartilage in the joints, for the nerves pass through this cartilage, and the more room there is for the nerves to pass, the better is the health of the body. Far from damaging the health, the exercises which I shall suggest will improve it.

Give attention to each of the twenty-six joints mentioned, and supplement these exercises by others which you can readily devise for yourself.

Take the ankle, for example. Walking and cycling tend to develop it, and to increase the thickness of the cartilage. A simple and effective exercise is to sit on a chair, cross one leg over the other, raise the toes as close to the knee as possible, and then lower them as much as you can. Repeat until the ankle joints are tired.

As for the knee, cycling is a capital exercise, and it may be supplemented by many of the knee exercises which I have described and illustrated from time to time.



Touching the toes.

I know of no exercise so good for the hips as horse-riding. If that be out of your reach, you can adopt any of the exercises which I have described, and which necessitate bending at the hips.

The greatest attention, however, must be given to the increase of the cartilages in the twenty-three joints of the spine.

One of the best exercises for this purpose is to stand at attention, and to bend slowly forward, endeavouring to touch your toes with the tips of your fingers, and keeping your knees all the time absolutely stiff. If you bend your knees you spoil the exercise completely. Repeat this exercise ten or twenty times morning and evening.

Here is another. Place the hands on the hips and bend backwards from the waist as far as possible, and then straighten yourself. Repeat until tired.

Here is a third. Place the hands on the hips and bend alternately to the right side and to the left until you are tired.

In all these exercises be careful not to strain yourself. The increase in the cartilages cannot be obtained in a hurry, and patience will do what haste will not accomplish.

Work at the exercises persistently, evening after evening, and morning after morning, but do not continue them after the first symptoms of tiredness begin to show themselves.

Supplement these exercises with such other exercises as may be likely to support them. For example, exercises on the horizontal bar will help you considerably.

During this particular course take as much exercise in the open air as you can. Walking and cycling will prove very useful, although at cycling be careful to keep the shoulders straight and not bent; what bending there is to be done should be done at the hips.

Boxing, wrestling, and swimming, and most other sports will also prove useful.

I must warn all those who intend to adopt my advice that a perceptible growth of the cartilages of the joints cannot be expected in less than four or five months, but this growth means actual increase in the height, and it is possible to increase the height in this way up to the age of forty.

The advice I gave in the earlier part of the article regarding an erect carriage may be more acceptable, as the results will be more immediately perceptible, but the man who is really anxious to reach the maximum of the inches that nature will allow him, should adopt both plans.

F. G. MITCHELL.

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RUBBING DOWN.

Nothing is more pleasant after [illegible] exercise than a good rubbing down. It is impossible for you to do it thoroughly yourself, and one of the advantages of [illegible] membership is that you can always find some one who is willing to give you a rub down.

It is important to get the sweat off [illegible] before the rubbing takes place. [illegible] of course, the ideal, but if this is not [illegible] able, the skin should be thoroughly and [illegible] rubbed with a dry towel until the perspiration has ceased to come from it.

When the skin is ready the man who is going to do the rubbing down gets to work. [illegible] is going to do it thoroughly it is [illegible] which he must take his jacket off, for he must rub hard and fast.

As his hands pass over your body the [illegible] is stimulated, the blood is brought [illegible] it from the heart, and you experience a delightful sense of losing every atom of [illegible] ness. You remain with all the tonic [illegible] your exercise, but with none of the tired [illegible] that would otherwise have been your portion.

THE ART OF FULL CONTRACTION;

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IMPORTANT PRIZE SCHEME.

I want every reader to send for my latest booklet. It will answer many questions which Physical Culturists not satisfied with their progress are daily asking themselves. It describes a new method of exercising which may be applied to any system, and which makes muscular development quite automatic and positively certain of acquirement. You will also receive particulars of a novel and interesting Prize Scheme, in which every pupil has an equal chance, **regardless of physique.**

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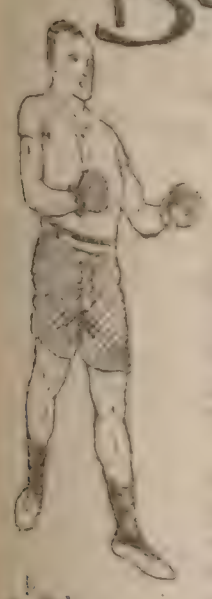
BOXING AND FIGHTING



SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SCIENTIFIC AND THE NATURAL BOXER.

It is not a very widely recognised fact, but it is a fact for all that, that there are a great many men who can box but can't fight, and also a great many who can fight but can't box.

Boxing and fighting are two distinct things, although, paradoxically enough, they are mutually independent if the exponent of either wishes to make a real success of it.

Possibly a good many readers will not have grasped my reasoning up to this point. Let me explain myself clearer.

A year or two ago Tommy Burns beat Gunner Moir at the National Sporting Club. Why was this? It was because Burns was cleverer. He could box. Moir's best friends could not make out that he can box. Moir can fight. But to be able to fight is no good unless you can box as well, if you are fighting a cleverer man than yourself.

And Burns is infinitely cleverer than Moir. That is why he beat him.

STRENGTH AS WELL.

Now consider this. Some time after beating Moir, Burns is at last persuaded to go to Australia to meet Jack Johnson, the negro champion. Sometime Burns, the boxer, is easily beaten by Johnson, the fighter. Why?

Because, whereas Burns (among first-class boxers, mark) rates as a boxer pure and simple, Jack Johnson is recognised to be both a boxer and a fighter as well.

That is why he hasn't been beaten yet.

There is many a man, big and brawny, who has punched his fellow-men about in many a "mill" and who fondly fancies that he can box. But at last he comes across another man — possibly much smaller than himself—whom he finds to his astonishment that he cannot *hit*.

He punches hard and fast, but his blows meet empty air, and at last, worn out with his exertions, he falls a victim to the onslaught of a weaker man.

This is because the weaker man is the cleverer boxer—but if the two were equally gifted in this respect, the *stronger* fighter would have won.

WHY MOIR BEAT WELLS.

It is for this same reason that Bombardier Wells was beaten by Gunner Moir at Olympia not long ago.

Despite the fact that he is not so robust, physically, as the Gunner, Wells scored all along the line at the outset by reason of his greater powers as a boxer; but, unfortunately, this early success was sufficient to make the young pugilist (he is only twenty-two) lose his head, and his boxing "went by the board," as it were.

He adopted rushing tactics (which a clever boxer never uses against a stronger man than himself), hit out wildly, and at last practically ran in on to one of the Gunner's terrible punches.

If he had kept his head and continued to *box*, instead of trying to *fight*, it is undeniable that the contest would have had a very different ending.

He had obviously learned this lesson when he beat "Porky" Flynn not long afterwards. His tactics were very different then.

THE DIFFERENCE.

To sum the whole question up in a few words, fighting is the pugilists' "groundwork," as it were, that in which he should be schooled from his earliest age, whereas boxing or "science," as the "fancy" love to call it—and rightly, too—is the final polish, a sort of University course, by virtue of his excellency in which the fighting man shows himself to be the superior of those who do not possess it.

To put it even shorter, if you want to be a good fighter, you *must* be a boxer as well.

J. H. MALONE.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Mr. Tom Gallon, the popular novelist, is a keen angler, but thinks that enthusiasm for the sport may be carried too far.

Some time ago he was staying up the river fishing, and on his way to and from his favourite "swim" he used to pass a man angling in a small pond, which did not look as if it had at any time contained even a stickleback.

Eventually he got into conversation with the patient angler and asked him whether he had had any luck. No, nary a bite. How long had he been there? Oh, only a month.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Gallon, "but have you any reason for supposing that there *are* any fish in this pond?"

"Well, I dunno," replied the hopeful fisherman, "but two years ago a man told me he had once seen a pike in it."

And, replacing his pipe in his mouth, he fished on patiently.

History does not relate whether that pike did its duty and rewarded his zeal.

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Buy YOUR suit from Masters, Ltd., Rye, whose guarantee is your protection.

MASTERS, LTD., tailoring department employ the best English tailors, cutters, machinists, etc., and there is a speciality about their suits—they are built to fit and so tailored that they keep their shape until the last. Prices: 31/6 cash, or 35/- easy terms (5/- monthly).

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The material is selected for its strength to stand hard wear, while the new designs include Greys, Greens, and Brown Shadow Stripes, etc. Send for our patterns and home-measure chart. We guarantee to fit you, no matter where you live. We have 41 years' reputation and 260,000 world-wide personal testimonials to speak for us. Write now, we have really good value to give you.

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Fine Box Calf Jockey back, straight cap, &c., 12/6 cash, or 13/6 easy terms. Send 2/6 with size, pay 2/6 on receipt, and 2/6 monthly. Tan Willow, 17/6, same easy terms. Send for our Boot Booklet, Post Free.

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"LORD'S."

STORIES IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 125TH YEAR OF THE M.C.C.

May 31, 1911, will be the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, for it was in 1787 that one Thomas Lord, who combined a great love of cricket with considerable business capacity, arranged with several "noble and gentle" patrons of the game to support him in the starting of the "Marylebone Club."

The first "Lord's" was a ten-acre plot of ground in Dorset Square, Marylebone, and the first game that was contested on it took place on May 31, 1787, a hundred and twenty-four years ago.

The combatants were:

"Middlesex, with Two of Berkshire and One of Kent, against Essex, with two given Men," and Middlesex won by 93 runs.

A study of the score card reveals all manner of quaint differences from the cricketing terms and regulations as we know them to-day.

For instance, when a batsman is "caught" the name of the wily bowler who was chiefly responsible for his discomfiture is left unrecorded, as, for instance, this reference to the M.C.C. founder's second innings: "T. Lord, 36, c. by Newman."

The word "stumped" or the cryptic letters "st." were not in use, but instead, a man was P.O., or—quaintly enough—"put out" by the wicket-keeper. Put out in more ways than one, very likely!

"Leg-byes" were not known; and there was no regulation against the bowling of "wides." No pads or gloves were worn; and the Spartan batsman met the onslaughts of the contemporary Cotter in "shoes, silk stockings, knee-breeches, and a three-cornered hat."

It is interesting to note that until well into the nineteenth century cricket bookmakers were a recognised feature, and were allowed to carry on their business freely in close proximity to the pavilion.

In fact, in the revised laws of cricket, published by the "Cricket Club at St. Mary-le-bone" in 1788, there is the following regulation with regard to betting: "If the notches of one player are laid against another, the bets depend on the first innings, unless otherwise specified."

The first century scored at Lord's lies to the credit of Tom Walker, the famous cricketer who was so frequently told that he "was rightly called Walker, for he never was a runner," and who scored 103 for the M.C.C. against Middlesex in 1792. W. Beldham scored 144 later in the same match.

In 1811 the M.C.C. changed their ground to a pitch at North Bank, but three years later the present ground was opened; and the first century was scored there two years after—namely, in 1816—by Mr. E. H. Budd, who ran up a score of 105.

The year 1827 will be memorable for the introduction of round-arm bowling (as opposed to the old system of trundling underhand), and also for the fact that the initial match between Oxford and Cambridge took place at Lord's in that year.

W. G. Grace's first hundred at Lord's was 134 not out, for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1868; and Prince Ranjitsinhji's 150 for Sussex against the M.C.C. in 1895.

Nowadays the Marylebone Cricket Club, though it sways what we may call the legal sceptre of the cricket world, is not perhaps the sovereign club as far as cricket prowess is concerned. However, every cricketer will doubtless echo the old song:

"Come, fill up your glasses; he's best who drinks most;
Here's the Marylebone Club!—who refuses the toast?"

JAMES T. WHITE.

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SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

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The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

We guarantee 2 years' wear.

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue in the piece.

J. & H. ELLIS,

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(Close to Ludgate Circus).

PADDING THE HOOF

HINTS ON MARCHING FOR TERRITORIALS.

Should you ever notice a man limping and exhausted, with a generally fagged-out appearance, more marked than that of his comrades, among a route-marching party, it is nearly always safe to decide that he has broken one or more of the golden rules set down below.

Thorough compliance with these simple rules will make the route march of all its terrors, its joys increasing in proportion.

The most important item of all is the provision of really suitable boots.

Undoubtedly by far the best boots for a march are those in use by our regular forces. A letter ordered to the Army contractors will bring you a pair, and the cost is not too great—12s. 6d.

They are really sensible boots, above all, being made of good, stout, yet pliable leather, that will not spoil through flimsiness, as the average walking boot will do with rough usage.

KEEP THE BOOTS SOFT.

It is fatal to allow them to harden. This cracks the leather, besides punishing the wearer. A liberal coating of dubbing *before* starting out will keep them always soft, and preserve the leather too.

If your ordinary size is seven, get a pair of eights. Always wear marching boots a size larger than your foot. Then when your feet become hot, and begin to swell, as they are sure to do, you will still be in foot comfort. But do not wear boots more than one size larger, or your feet will be loose, and blisters will result. Your boots must always be tightly laced; this adds to comfort also.

Then the question of what socks to wear is also important. The best are well-fitting, undyed, and thick. Never attempt a march with a hole in your socks, no matter how small, for blisters are caused this way, too.

An excellent plan to adopt with regard to socks is to rub the *insides* well with common yellow soap.

Do not take a heavy meal immediately before starting. A plenty of food will give you stamina, of course, but have it three or more hours before you parade, to give it time to be digested. If you will most probably get a "stitch" in the side, or you are certain to suffer from indigestion.

The water-bottle should be filled before starting with pure water, but used very sparingly. It is undoubtedly a fact that the more water you drink the thirstier you become.

It would be much better if you could train yourself to take no drink at all, no matter how hot the day or how dry your throat.

Rather than swallow it, it is better simply to wash out the mouth and to gargle the throat, spitting out the water when this is done.

A small smooth pebble carried in the mouth will cause moisture and help you to abstain from drinking, thus greatly increasing your staying powers.

Taking large draughts of water when the body is overheated has bad effects. Wait till you cool a little.

A stooping position in marching is bad and will induce fatigue. Brace yourself up and endeavour to make light of it. It will then become quite an easy thing.

Do not speak or smoke when marching uphill against a wind.

WHEN HALTED.

Avoid lying on damp ground, if possible. If you can, collect straw, hay, or branches of trees and lie on these.

The equipment must be put together in such a way that the weight is properly distributed. Badly assembled equipment causes great discomfort sooner than anything.

When the march is finished examine your feet. Slacken the edge of any blister that may have formed with a clean needle, or run a needle and worsted through it, and bathe the feet, then rub them with salt and alum dissolved in warm water.

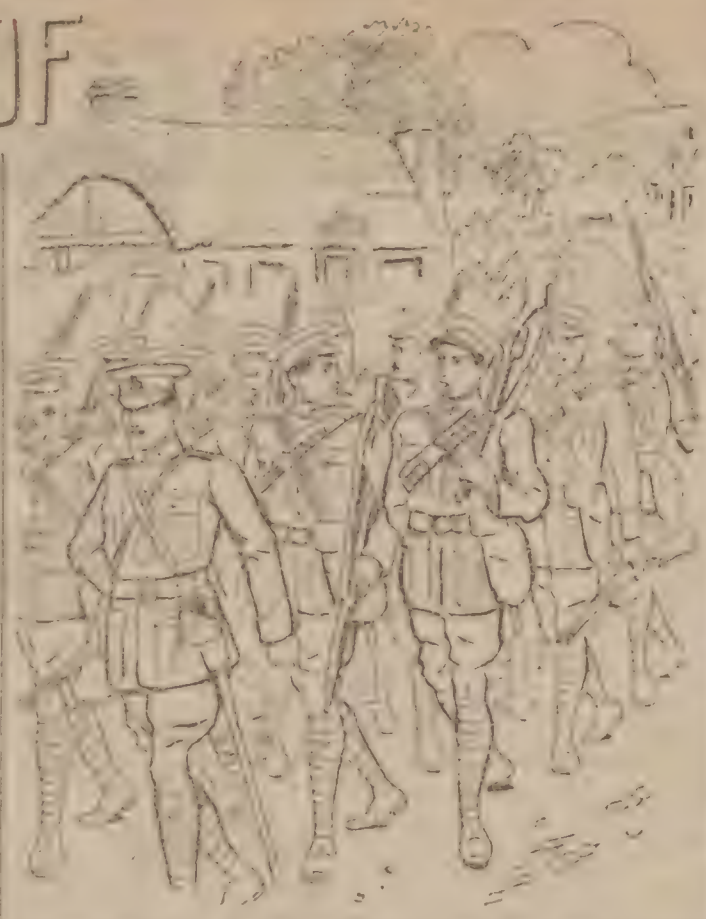
Always keep the toe-nails well trimmed, by cutting them straight across, and not in an oval shape, as those of the fingers.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Give attention also to the underclothing worn, and see that it fits well. The best material is wool.

Finally, when marching "at ease," try to become interested in something. It may be conversation, song, or a study of the beauties of the countryside; but, above all, do not mope and fancy that you are a failure just because you feel a little tired. The strongest of men are the same. Think of anything except the actual marching, and you will be quite surprised to find how short the journey seems.

O. M.



WHEN HICKS WAS ABASHED.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is not easily abashed, but on one occasion he would have been glad had the ground suddenly opened and swallowed him up.

In the days when every street urchin was whistling and every piano organ was playing "Her golden hair was hanging down her back," he and his charming wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, took part in an entertainment at Cadogan House, the then Prince and Princess of Wales being present.

After Mr. and Mrs. Hicks had done their duologue, "Papa's Wife," the Princess (Queen Alexandra) sent for him, said she had heard of the famous song he was singing at the Gaiety and would like to hear it.

This was when Mr. Hicks wished himself elsewhere, and he ventured to hint to the Prince that Her Royal Highness might not care for the words of the song.

The Prince, however, entering into the joke, said he was sure the Princess would be delighted with the song, but perhaps he had better first recite the words to her.

And so, without any accompaniment Mr. Hicks stood up before his future Queen and a brilliant throng and solemnly recited:

"Oh! Flo, what a change you know!
When she left the village she was shy.
But alas and alack,
She came back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye."

The Princess was suffering from a bad cold and probably did not hear a quarter of what he said. Anyway, she expressed herself delighted, and invited him to sing the song,

Are you Married?

And have you a fixed permanent income ample enough to buy your wife the little comforts so dear to a woman's heart—

Enough to assure your children a good, sound education?

Or are you single, but hoping one day for a home of your own?

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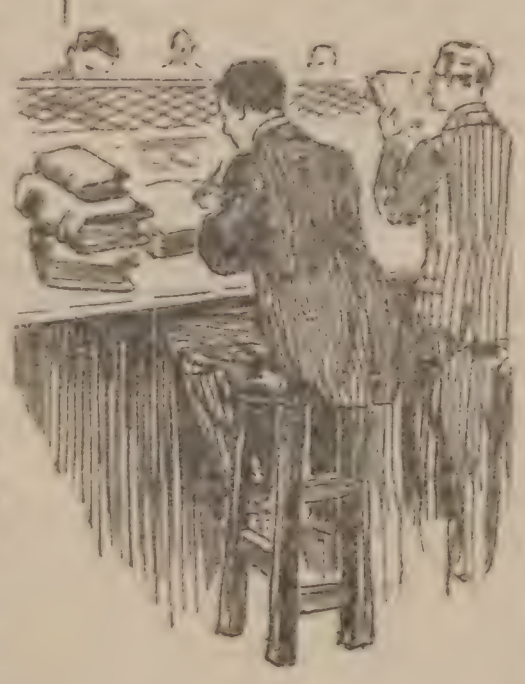

The relations of employer and employee form a subject which has kept many pens busy and on which it is very difficult to say anything which will be true in every case.

One often hears an employer complain that he gets no assistance from his staff in the way of suggestions. They do their regular work well enough, but they never seem to go out of their way to further the interests of the business. Presumably they are conscious of being time-servers, instead of having the welfare of the business really at heart, and so on.

But generally there is another side to the picture. Some employers have exaggerated ideas of the importance of maintaining their dignity. There is a how-dare-you-speak-to-me sort of attitude about them which freezes off the employee who may have some valuable suggestion to offer.

Sometimes such a suggestion takes the form of criticism of existing methods. This the weak employer who thinks more of his personal dignity than of the success of the business is apt to resent.

If the criticism is offered without any suggestion as to how to improve upon the existing system, the employer is quite justified in being a little annoyed. He may, indeed, have been aware that the system was not ideal, but have been unable to lay his hand on any practical means of improving it. Negative criticism is annoying from a disinterested friend; from an employee it is exasperating.

But as a rule the employee who is sufficiently keen on his work and interested in the business has more sense than to offer merely destructive criticism. He understands the difficulties and the conditions of business, and he may justly claim that any suggestion he makes will at least be considered and, if found practicable, adopted.

But too often he is restrained by the fear of being laughed at or told that he does not know what he is talking about. There is a type of employer who is apt to convey to his staff, if not in many words, yet none the less clearly by his manner, that he is quite capable of running his own business, and that he will be obliged if they will attend to their own subordinate work and leave the managing to him.

And so the employee often has to possess his soul in patience and watch a business with possibilities sinking further and further into the mire for want of a little adaptability or push in the right direction. His own prospects are jeopardised as well as those of his employer, but he is powerless to do anything to put matters on a sounder basis.

Fortunately, however, the employer who genuinely resents interference and suggestions from his staff is not very often found. He may make the mistake of not making access to him easy, but the go-ahead employee who has some good suggestion to make, however trifling, will not be deterred by that.

The chief may not receive the suggestion with open arms, but on thinking it over he will probably see the value of it, and if it proves beneficial the position of its originator will be a much stronger one.

So if you think you see a way in which an improvement might be made, or new business obtained, take your courage in both hands and find an opportunity for a quiet word with the boss.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THE END OF A TRUST.

The only market on the Stock Exchange showing any life during the week under review is the American, and this has boomed owing to the decision of the Supreme Court that the Standard Oil Trust is an illegal combination, and must be dissolved within six months.

Had this decision been handed down a few months ago, the market would undoubtedly have slumped, but the delay has caused a boom—such are the vagaries of Yankees.

In my opinion, however, prices are too high and not justified by the trade position in the States; and although the big Wall Street houses may put prices still higher, operators who can afford to see a few points against them are justified in selling "short," and averaging should the market go higher.

HOME RAILS.

Home rails are dull, with very little doing, but the outlook is as bright as ever, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who ought to know, predicts a very prosperous year.

From the statement made by the chairman at the Kent Coal Concessions annual meeting recently held, there seems to be no doubt that immense quantities of coal are on the property simply awaiting removal. Should these statements prove correct, and I have no reason to doubt them, the benefits which will accrue to the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway must be very great.

RUBBER AND OIL.

Rubber shares are in the doldrums, and although producing oil companies are showing very good results, the prices of these shares do not seem to move up as they ought. Investors must possess their souls in patience, and doubtless their reward will be forthcoming sooner or later.

POSSIBLE INVESTMENTS.

Western Canada Land Company's £1 shares, now standing at £1 12s. 6d, are, I am told in a reliable quarter, good for a quick rise of 8s. to 10s. per share.

Those of my readers who prefer to invest their money in companies trading in the necessaries of life, might take a few of the £1 fully-paid 7 per cent. Participating Preference Shares of the Anglo-Servian Trading Company, Limited; the present price of which is about 21s. After 7 per cent. is paid on these shares the profits are equally divided between the Preference and the Deferred shareholders, consequently dividends of considerably more than 7 per cent. are possible and probable when the cold storage premises are completed on the property within the next few months.

The directors, who are shrewd business men, estimate that the annual profits ought to be sufficient to pay 25 per cent. per annum on these shares on the conservative basis of 47s. per cwt. for bacon.

The company has an important trading concession from the Servian Government for twenty-five years; and when it is considered that pigs can be bought in very large quantities in the vicinity of this company's property at 2½d. to 3½d. per lb., chickens at 4d. to 6d. each, capons 7d. to 9d. each, geese 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. each, and turkeys at 2s. to 2s. 6d. each, the prospects of doing a remunerative import trade to this country are extremely good.

MINES.

Prices in the Mining section continue to dribble away, especially South Africans, and as I have consistently advised my readers not to invest their money in such concerns, those who have followed that advice have every reason for congratulation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. (Walthamstow).—The institution you name is perfectly sound.

"DOLPHIN" (Dublin).—Dominion Sawmills and Lumber is a good and promising concern. Americans and Canadian Pacifics do not show further rises, in my opinion. Should you require fuller advice, send stamped addressed envelope for reply.

J. G. (Newcastle).—Strongly advise you to withdraw your money if possible, and have no further dealings with them.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

LAWN-TENNIS HINTS.

It is better to have three or four moderate strokes than one superlatively good one. Of course, it is all right *when* your "fizzer" comes off, but you are apt to sacrifice everything to it.

One player known to the writer has a tremendous backhand shot, and tries to take every ball backhand. The result is that he loses time and energy running round to get into his favourite position, and is often beaten by balls that he could have taken easily forehand.

Moreover, when your opponent discovers which is your favourite shot he will do all he can to prevent your bringing it into operation.

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Richard Selby's Charity

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

Richard Selby, opening the morning's letters, came upon one which he read twice over, the second time with a trace of puzzlement on his face.

"Bring me the K ledger, Graill," he said to his secretary.

The latter complied, standing at his elbow with the keen-eyed alertness which most of the men who came into daily contact with Selby unconsciously adopted.

"Funny thing," said Richard. "Killick and Co., of Bristol, disagree with our quarterly statement, and render one of their own in exchange. They make out they owe us only thirty-eight pounds odd, instead of the one-seventy-eight shown by our books. Call out the amounts of our invoices to them since January, and then the cheques they've sent us."

Killick and Co., of Bristol, were factors, doing an extensive though scattered business amongst ironmongers and ship's chandlers in the West of England. Their orders were numerous, though mainly small, and Graill had a long list of minor items to read over.

When he came to the payments, however, the task was much briefer. Killick and Co., like many other customers of Richard, were in the habit of sending small round sums—ranging from £20 to £100—when it suited their convenience to do so.

Their remittances since January totalled, according to Richard's ledger, exactly two hundred and fifty pounds; according to their own statement they had paid him three hundred and ninety pounds.

"Ring them up," said Richard.

After having spoken to Mr. Killick, he took down the time-table from its hook.

"I'm catching the ten-fifteen to Bristol," he said, proffering no further explanation.

"Anything wrong?" asked Graill.

"There is on the face of it. But as it involves a certain person's honesty, I'll say no more about it till I know if the suspicion is justified."

He dictated a quantity of letters, and then spent a short time in the works, afterwards catching the train by the barest margin.

He was in Bristol by twelve-thirty and drove immediately to Killick and Co.'s offices.

Leaving there about a quarter of an hour later, he hailed another cab and was driven to another quarter of the city.

He made several calls before finally, at three o'clock, presenting himself at the office of his agent, Mr. Percival Buttery.

Mr. Buttery was out. He had not yet returned from lunch.

The small boy in the outer office tendered the information that he would be sure to be back very soon, but under pressure he admitted that his employer was extremely unreliable in his habits.

"But he has always been in when I have called before," stated Richard curtly.

"That was because he knew you were coming, sir."

"Ah." Richard reflected. "Do you know where he is likely to be found?" he asked.

"Well, I b'lieve he goes to 'the 'White Lion' and plays billiards most o' the afternoon," said the boy. "That's where I've sometimes had to take messages to him if anything special turned up."

"Is the 'White Lion' close at hand?" asked Richard.

"Yes, sir." The boy told him where it was. "You can't mistake it, sir," he added.

"Very well; I'll try to look him up there. If he should happen to return while I'm away don't tell him that I've called. I want to surprise him."

"Very good, sir," said the boy.

Mr. Percival Buttery, shaping for an easy cannon from hand, looked up to see Richard standing at the top of the table and intently watching him. His arm moved spasmodically, and he missed the object-ball altogether.

"Ninety-eight all!" called the marker, after notching the miss.

"I'm afraid my interruption made you lose your game," said Richard, as Buttery's opponent scored a hazard from the "leave."

"Yes," said Buttery, white to the lips. He turned to his friend and said he would "have to be off."

Richard held the door open for him. They passed out together.

"Won't you have a drink?" said Buttery, as a hesitating afterthought.

"No," said Richard.

They walked along in silence for a time.

"I didn't know you were coming," said Buttery at length, "or, of course, I should have been at the office to meet you."

"I didn't know I was coming myself," said Richard, "till I had a letter from Killick and Co. this morning."

"Killick and Co.?" said Buttery, as though questioning.

"Killick and Co.," repeated Richard, with quiet insistence.

After that they did not speak again till they were in Buttery's private office.

Richard sat down and pulled a piece of paper from his pocket.

"Will you kindly tell me, Buttery," he said, "whether it is true that on February the eighth and again on March the twenty-first last Killick and Co. handed you a cheque for seventy pounds for my account, making one hundred and forty pounds in all?"

Buttery did not immediately answer. He seemed to be struggling with a tongue too dry to speak. At last he nodded.

"Did you," continued Richard, referring to the paper, "collect on the third of March fifty pounds from Marshall and Smith, also for my account?"

Buttery nodded.

"And from Cleaver Brothers fifty pounds on Monday of this week?"

"Yes." The admission was hardly audible.

"Why did you not send these cheques to me?" inquired Richard distinctly.

Buttery rose unsteadily to his feet. He was a spruce, good-looking young man at normal times, with a fresh, pleasant colour; now his complexion had faded to a dull, sickly grey.

"It's easier to explain," he said, "with the day-book. I'll fetch it."

He went out stumblingly.

Richard sat with tight lips, staring at the paper on his knee for a minute or two. He was thinking more of the man's folly than his rather prolonged absence.

Suddenly he looked up.

He got to his feet with a changed expression, and, crossing the room, flung open the inner door.

"Where's Mr. Buttery?" he demanded, voice which made the boy twitch up his head.

"Gone out, sir."

"Where's he gone?"

"Dunno, sir. He didn't say. He didn't speak a word."

Richard strode out into the street—and turned with a protruding jaw.

"Do you know where Mr. Buttery lives?" he asked.

It had been a mistake of Buttery's to run away. Richard would have been lenient to a courageous confession. Cowardice hardened him to a granite-like determination.

"I'll find him," he said to himself. That was all.

He noted the address on his shirt-cuff and abruptly left. A tram was soon carrying him Clifton-wards. He had no desire to reach the house before Buttery himself could have arrived there.

"It's just a chance that he'll have gone for home," thought Richard. "His sort generally scuttle for cover."

It was not until his continual knocking on the door of a semi-detached villa brought a woman to answer it that he remembered that Buttery was married.

She was dressed with taste—a pale, slight, firm-lipped woman, with fear in her eyes. Richard had witnessed that odd, strained look too often to mistake it when he saw it. He judged it as significant that a maid had not opened the door.

"Yes?" she said, in the silence of scrutiny. Her left hand was clenched tightly against her skirt.

"I want to see Mr. Buttery," said Richard. "Who are you, please?"

"He is not here," she said.

"My name is Selby. I want to see Mr. Buttery."

"I have told you he——"

"I want to see Mr. Buttery," reiterated Richard, in exactly the same voice.

She wilted before his implacability.

"What is it you wish to see him about?" she demanded, rather faintly. "I am his wife."

"It is a matter between him and ... "

"You cannot see him. He is not well. He came home . . . . ill."

"Do you know *why* he came home?" asked Richard, deliberately. He felt that she did, but must make sure.

She hesitated a moment, fighting for the will to deny it.

"Yes," she admitted at last, breathlessly. "I know why. He has—he has just told me."

"It is best," said Richard.

His lips set a trifle more grimly—perhaps with the effort to resist expressing pity for her.

"Will you now ask me in?" he pursued.

She made a tiny despairing gesture, and, standing aside, permitted him to pass.

The quiet atmosphere of domesticity in the house affected Richard with a painful sense of incongruity. He felt himself to be, in a strange way, an interloper. (So must bailiffs feel, he thought in a bizarre aside.) The grotesque is seldom absent from tragedy.

Without speaking, Mrs. Buttery led the way into a room, and Richard followed, his hat in his hand.

She closed the door and stood with working fingers, but otherwise still, gazing at her husband.

He was on a couch, sitting with his elbows on his knees and fingers clutching his temples. He looked up haggardly.

Richard turned to the silent wife.

"Will you kindly leave us?" he said.

"I will not go," she said. "I will not go."

"This is between him and me."

"I will not go," she said, with quivering intensity.

Richard inhaled a slow breath and faced her once more.

"Those cheques," he said curtly. "Were they made payable to me or to you?"

"To you," whispered the unhappy man.

"You forged my signature?"

No answer.

"Were they cashed by an outsider or paid into your bank?"

"Paid into my bank."

"The cheque from Cleaver's this week—you cheated that the same?"

"Yes."

Richard turned to the wife.

"Has he told you what he has been doing with the money?" he asked, with ominous quiet.

"Gambling," she said.

"How much is the total deficiency?" he asked Buttery.

"Two hundred and forty pounds. . . . Three accounts. . . . I swear there is nothing else."

"I have ascertained there isn't," assented Richard grimly.

There was a long, miserable silence.

"Oh, Mr. Selby . . . " said the wife, with a choking sob.

Richard removed his glance from her with a face which set like iron.

"Buttery," he said, "tell your wife to leave the room."

"She will not go," she repeated, with the same quivering intensity. "Mr. Selby, you can't prosecute him. You *must* not. Think what it will mean for me and the children. There are two of them—little girls. Your heart would break if you could picture it as I can picture it. They love their daddy. He's good. He's only foolish. Can't you see it was *bound* to come out? Doesn't that prove he gave way in a moment of madness?"

"It proves he was mad three times, then," said Richard "—with intervals to recover and confess. Go on. What else have you to say?"

"Nothing." She broke into tearless sobs.

Richard had a sudden angry sense of helplessness.

"Has it occurred to you," he said, "that this is hardly fair to me? My quarrel is with your husband. He sits there, saying nothing."

"It's because he's so ashamed."

"Ah. . . . " The comment was cynical.

"Shouldn't you be?" she cried. "Before your wife—and the man who trusted you? And knowing you've lost everything. Oh, Mr. Selby, you are trying to be hard, but I don't believe you can be. You have known what suffering is and how shame will bow down a man. Can you be cruel and unyielding? There are the children . . . little ones . . "

"Please be quiet," said Buttery in a dry, husky voice. "I have done wrong and must suffer for it."

Selby was regarding the wife. There had appeared an odd touch of humour in his face.

"I maintain," he said, "you're not treating me fairly. You're hardly playing the game."

He smiled a little, and experienced a strange lightening of the spirits. It sprang from her changed expression. She looked lit up, reading him, as women will, by what is never said.

"Will you please leave us for a minute?" he asked once more.

She turned immediately, and he opened the door for her. Their hands met in a furtive clasp.

"Oh . . . " she breathed.

Richard closed the door. His gentle expression left him.

"Look here, Buttery," he said. "Of all the damned fools in Christendom you're the biggest! That splendid wife of yours—and you playing fast and loose. Now pull yourself together, man! One slip doesn't mean a broken neck. I shall want that two hundred and forty quid back, mind you. You'll have twenty-five per cent. deducted from your commissions till it's paid. You'd better put your back into getting an increased turnover, so as not to feel the loss."

Buttery gazed up at him. He crushed his fingers together till the knuckles cracked.

"You mean—I'm to stay on?" he whispered.

"It's my only way of regaining my money."

"You mean—you'll give me another chance?"

The man broke down.

For a few more minutes Richard remained talking with him—forceful, abusive, stimulating talk.

"You ought to be shot," he wound up. "Give us your fist."

In the hall the wife came out to him, composed, though bearing traces of recent tears.

"God bless you," she whispered.

"Don't you worry," said Richard—a lamentable commonplace.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

DERBY STORIES.

TRUE ANECDOTES ABOUT THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF.

The very mention of the Derby calls up a thrill inside every Englishman, even though he be no racing man; and to every corner of the globe where Britons are to be found wires and cables flash the winner's name only a few minutes from the time the field has swung round Tattenham Corner, raced down the hill, and flashed past the post amid the simultaneous outburst of thousands of throats.

Is it to be wondered at, then, that our greatest race should be surrounded with interesting stories?

One of the greatest Derby surprises was witnessed in Sir Bevys's year, for every one of the "heads" was confident before the race that there were only two horses in it—Cadogan, a stocky little bay, and Victor Chief, a strapping golden chestnut, belonging to the Duke of Westminster.

It is safe to say that practically all the money on the course—and, indeed, all over the country—was carried by one or the other of these two; but, alas! for the punters, they were not even placed. Sir Bevys, a clumsy-looking bay horse, ridden by George Fordham, had the race all his own way.

And the strange part about it is that practically the only man on the course who backed the winner was Palgrave Simpson, a dramatist, who had put two sovereigns on Sir Bevys because it was the name of a character in one of his poems!

Talking of George Fordham reminds me that the famous jockey was very much associated with the glamour of the Derby in the years he was riding.

He was a firm believer in the wisdom of walking over the course on the morning of the race; and this practice in Sir Bevys's year, for instance, was instrumental in his clever win. Whereas most riders dash ahead on approaching Tattenham Corner so as to secure a place on the rails, Fordham realised on that occasion that the course on the rails side was fetlock deep in mud, and he came wide on the right, securing firmer ground.

Tom Cannon, although he only on one occasion rode a winner in the contest for England's Turf Blue Riband, had nevertheless an inexhaustible store of good stories to tell about the great race.

He used to tell a story of his Derby win on Shotover, when there were two horses ahead of him early on in the race, and these seemed likely to fight out the issue between them. But Cannon challenged at about the distance and won easily.

Asked why he had not come up earlier in the race, Cannon remarked quaintly:

"I saw them having two little races all to themselves a long way from the post; and when they began a third I thought I would join in!"

Cannon, too, used to tell of how he rode an intoxicated horse, not in the Derby, however, but in the Jockey Club Cup of 1886. Melton was the animal, and he had been so overdosed with whisky as to be, in Tom Cannon's estimation, "more than half-drunk."

"What is that of yours?" Mr. H. B. McCalmont was asked as a bay in his colours cantered past for a Maiden Plate at "headquarters" in 1892. "He's rather a nice colt" was the reply of the well-known owner. "A bit backward, but sure to win a race some day."

No words were ever more prophetic; for the colt's name was Isinglass, whose dam had been bought out of a cart for £19, but who, with one exception, won all the races for which he started, including the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger.

E. A. BARKER.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Buildings, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A WORD OF WARNING.

At the beginning of every new season — and for the purposes of dress the year is divided into two seasons, winter and summer — every outfitter has on his hands a considerable quantity of last year's stock.

The firm with a big turnover and a good manager can contrive to work off most of its stock before the end of the season, but many of the smaller firms start the season with a stock of last year's goods which they are naturally anxious to dispose of in preference to the more up-to-date articles.

In some cases, of course, it does not matter whether a garment or a hat has been kept in stock since the foregoing season, but in others, where the fashions change more rapidly, the unwary customer may have foisted upon him something which is not by any means "the very latest thing," although he will have to pay the new season's prices for it.

If he had bought it six months ago, at the end of the last season, he would have got it at a considerable reduction, but probably he refrained in order that he might be quite up-to-date.

It is advisable, therefore, in buying anything in which the fashion is likely to change, to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the newest styles by studying shop-windows, and by keeping your eyes open in the streets, before you visit a shop with a view to buying it.

THE USES OF OBSERVATION.

It always pays a man to adopt this plan before buying any article of attire, from a new suit to a new tie.

By keeping an eye on the shop-windows you may find just the thing you want at a considerably lower price than that at which you have seen it labelled elsewhere. Prices vary, even for identical articles, according to the locality and the conditions of business.

And not only can you save money by this means, but you can pick up many useful hints on current fashions. You can tell the effect of some little peculiarity of cut that you fancy far better on a man you meet in the street than you could on a tailor's dummy.

THE POPULAR GREY WAISTCOAT.

The fancy waistcoat has not yet altogether died out, although it no longer appears in the many-coloured forms which were popular some years ago.

For summer wear, however, the favourite styles of fancy waistcoat are in white or grey of various shades.

The pale grey waistcoat, cut with a low opening and four buttons, with long, cutaway points, is a garment that is most useful all the year round.

It looks extremely well with a black morning-coat or with any dark lounge suit, and with many suits of a fairly light colour. It is smart without being offensive, and, moreover, it does not become soiled so quickly as a white waistcoat.

If I were about to get a single fancy waistcoat to serve all purposes, I should certainly buy a pale grey one.

A SOCIAL DUTY.

There are certain men who are strong-minded or weak-minded enough not to care what they look like.

I confess I envy them. It would take a very large sum of money to induce me to walk down Piccadilly in knickerbockers and a top hat, or in cricket flannels and a bowler, but I know men who would do it, if they wanted to, for no other reason than that it suited them.

There is no objection to a man's providing amusement for the passers-by so long as he happens to be alone. But the man who wears attire that is out of place because it suits him and he does not care what is the usual custom, must remember that it is not quite fair to those with whom he may appear in public.

He himself may be blissfully unconscious of the amused or scornful glances that are cast upon his attire, which is so out of keeping with his surroundings, but it is pretty certain that his friends will not fail to observe them.

Therefore, unless one is prepared to plough a very lonely furrow, it is advisable to conform to the ordinary usages of men in the matter of dress; indeed, it is a duty to one's friends.

STOCK TIES.

The stock tie, which is really only an adaptation of the style worn by our grandfathers, is advancing in favour, and I have noticed a considerable number being worn in London recently.

It is still restricted to plain black, and black or dark blue with white spots or figures, but, if well put on, it looks very smart and gives a touch of distinction to the appearance of an otherwise well-dressed man.

It does not suit every man, but most men with more or less regular features look well in it.

It is, of course, worn with a single collar of which the front corners are slightly turned forward.

It is made on exactly the same principle as a hunting stock, going twice round the neck before being tied in a bow in front.

A HOME-MADE TROUSER-PRESS.

At the request of a correspondent I propose to describe again a simple home-made trouser-press to which I referred in these columns a considerable time ago.

We all know of the time-honoured plan of putting the trousers under the mattress of a bed, but that is at best a temporary expedient, and if not carefully done, is apt to do the trousers more harm than good.

A cheap substitute for the thumb-screw press, however, can be made by obtaining a couple of boards of any thickness and about the usual size of a trouser-press, and a pair of stout straps.

The boards must be absolutely flat and not warped, or it will be impossible to get an even pressure on the trousers.

The straps may be taken off a bag or a portmanteau, for they are easily restored to their proper use when you want to travel.

Several pairs of trousers may be placed between the boards, with a sheet of cardboard or brown paper between each.

The boards are then strapped together about six inches from the ends. The more trousers that are in the press, the easier it is to get the straps really tight.

A press of this kind should prove extremely useful for keeping in shape trousers that are not in regular use, and though it

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DON'T throw that old suit away! Send it to us with P.O. for 3s. 6d. Within 3 days we will return it thoroughly cleaned and repaired and tailor-pressed, looking like new. We are practical tailors devoting ourselves to the preservation of clothes instead of the making. Hundreds of City men owe their smart appearance at a nominal cost to our simple method. Join their ranks. Send your old suit and 3s. 6d. to-day. All goods fully insured whilst with us, and we pay carriage one way.

THE NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1902.

144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

not, of course, as efficacious as a proper screw press, which can now be obtained wonderfully cheaply, it is better than nothing at all, and gives a very passable crease.

PUTTING ON A DOUBLE COLLAR.

When double collars first made their appearance there were many men who stuck to the old single style simply because they found great difficulty in putting on the double collar without mangling it in the operation and without considerable damage to their temper.

Most of us have learned by now how to tackle the job, but the double collar, of which the sides almost meet in front, is by no means easy to put on without crumpling.

By following these directions, however, it can be done satisfactorily.

Having inserted the tie, put on the collar and button the short tab, placing the edge of the upper fold on that side under the stud so that it is slightly bent inwards.

Then button the left side with the long tab bent inwards towards the neck.

Raise the right fold with the right thumb and insert the long tab with the left forefinger, bending in the top first.

The collar should then slip into place and the tie can be tied.

If the locking tab is bent outwards, the collar will never sit properly, and will not lock so that the outer folds meet at the top.

Many men crumple the front of their collar by pulling the knot of the tie violently from side to side in tightening it. Gentler measures are usually just as effective.

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BRUSH YOUR STRAW HAT.

The majority of men brush their silk or felt hats as a matter of regular course, and would not dream of going out of the house without first doing so.

Not one man in ten, however, I venture to say, ever dreams of brushing his straw hat, unless it has blown off his head and got obviously dirty. This is why straw hats so soon get soiled-looking. A man goes out with the dust lying thick on his straw, though it does not show as it would on a "topper"; down comes the rain and the dust soaks into the straw and is not to be removed, except by chemical cleaning.

Therefore, brush your "straw" as thoroughly and regularly as you would your other hats, and thus prolong its life and save it from the cleaning process which somehow or other always leaves its mark on the hat.

TIES AND TIE-PINS.

The other day I was sitting opposite to a man who was tastefully dressed in every respect, but there was one little thing which I could not help noticing, and that was that his tie, though comparatively new, showed small punctures in many places. They had obviously been made by his tie-pin.

It is quite simple to tie your neckwear in such a way that the knot comes in about the same place every time. If that is so, then the place for the tie-pin will also be the same, and it does not take a moment just to see where the last hole was made by the pin, and to insert it there again, instead of piercing the tie with another puncture.

In ties of rough texture and of mixed colours this care is not necessary, but in the case of a one-coloured tie of thin material, such as the man to whom I refer was wearing, the point is worth attention.

GETTING BOOTS TOED.

Men who wear out the toes of their boots and shoes quicker than the rest of the soles have, of course, to send their footwear to the cobbler to undergo the process of toeing. The cobbler, with misdirected kindness, usually returns the boots to you with the toes made very much thicker than the rest of the sole, his idea presumably being that this will defy wear longer than if the toes had been made up to just their original thickness.

His scheme is injudicious, because in a very few days the sole becomes level, and the extra thickness at the toe is pressing upwards, making an unsightly mound on the welt of the boot.

When having your boots toed, always direct the cobbler to make the toes just the same thickness as the rest of the sole, and no thicker.

SOILED COAT COLLARS.

If you turn up the collar of a blue suit that has been in wear for some time, you will find that just where the fold comes the cloth has become much lighter in colour.

It is not so noticeable when the coat collar is turned back to its normal position, but still this stained rim has no business to be there.

Why the coat should show signs of its age in this spot sooner than anywhere else, I do not know. It may be that it is a part that is seldom brushed, and so the dust consequently is undisturbed, or it may be that it occasionally gets a little lick of the dressing from your hair, which, of course, makes the dust stick all the more.

In any case, this mark on your coat collar can easily be removed by sponging it with benzine, or even with soap and water.

If the collar of the coat is not kept clean it will be impossible to keep the linen collar, against which it rubs, clean, so this precaution may visibly affect the laundry bill.

REMODELLING LEGGINGS.

Puttee-leggings, except for military wear, are now out of fashion. It may happen that you have a pair of old service leggings which are perfectly sound and well shaped, but which are practically barred for civilian use because they are fixed with old-fashioned puttee straps.

It is a simple matter to have them remodelled. Your cobbler or bootmaker will take out the straps and remove the buckles, and fit the front of the legging with buttons, springs, or hooks and eyelets.

I recommend the last method of fastening, as it does not cost much, and a legging so fitted can be put on or taken off very quickly.

If you have a pair of leggings altered in this way, I advise you also to have them blackened, as this will conceal the small holes where the stitches of the puttee fittings came.

SOFT FELTS.

The panama has appeared again, but it does not seem likely that it will enjoy the popularity that it had on its first appearance. It is an expensive luxury, and though attempts were at first made to imitate it, these were lamentably unsuccessful.

For the man of moderate means, however, its place seems likely to be taken by the soft felt hat.

This is no longer restricted to the Homburg style, which only seems to suit an elderly man. There are numerous other styles, which, although not always beautiful, provide both shade and comfort.

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EVERY SATISFACTION GIVEN.
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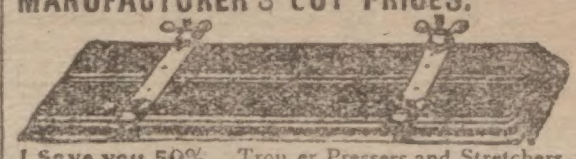

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. C. (South Kensington).—The London and Vesta Rowing Clubs both have their headquarters at Putney. Write to the secretaries for particulars.

G. H. HARRISON, Caixa 114, Pernambuco, Brazil, kindly offers to give any reader contemplating taking up a post in that part of the world information regarding business prospects, clothing required, cost of living and so forth.

F. T. (Sandown, I.W.).—For ordinary road work it is best to have your handle-bars fairly well turned up, so that you do not have to lean too much forward. A comfortable, well-sprung seat is a great help to easy riding.

C. W. (Birmingham).—Hatbands in the colours of THE MODERN MAN League can be had from Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, London, for 1s. 4½d., post free. They also supply ties in the League colours at 1s. 5½d. and 2s. 5½d., post free. Only members of the League are permitted to wear these colours.

J. S. (Camberwell).—Get out into the open air as much as possible, whether it be wet or fine. The paleness about which you complain will soon disappear, and will be replaced by a healthy tan. We also advise you to give up vegetarianism. A certain amount of meat is necessary to every man who desires to be strong and healthy.

E. F. (Gloucester).—Half a guinea is enough to pay for a wristlet watch.

A. L. M. (Port Talbot).—Powder the inside of your boxing gloves with French chalk, preferably just before using them. The chalk will absorb the sweat, and will prevent the hands from getting clammy. It will also considerably lengthen the life of the gloves.

T. H. C. (Worthing).—Wash the hands in hot water and then press the cuticle back from the nails. Never cut it.

W. B. (Manchester).—Many tips have been given to cyclists for improving the light of their bicycle lamps, but the real secret is to use a pure oil. Do this, and you will have no cause to give up your night runs because your lamp is troublesome.

P. H. (Southampton).—You appear to be developing into a faddist. If you keep your general health up to the mark you need not worry about the chances of infection.

F. L. (Liverpool).—If you can get your newsagent to consent to show our poster, we shall certainly be most happy to send him one every week, post free. Many of our readers have done this, and we greatly appreciate their kind efforts on behalf of the paper.

D. R. (Devonport).—Always glad to hear from our naval readers. You are wrong in supposing that the public like sailors less than soldiers. After all, you are our first line of defence.

J. F. McP. (Edinburgh).—The practising of a few simple exercises morning and evening, breathing plenty of fresh air during the day, and sleeping with your bedroom window open at night, will do more towards purifying your blood and improving your complexion than any advertised tonic on the market.

G. T. (Bradford).—Send your suit to a good firm of cleaners. You could not remove the marks yourself.

J. H. E. (Ilford).—The only thing that you can do is to watch patiently for the return of the thief who has stolen the flowers from your front garden, and if you catch him to deal with him as you think fit.

R. S. (Windsor).—Thank you for your suggestion. As you will see, we have had an article prepared on the lines you desired.

C. P. (Portsmouth).—Under the circumstances, we do not advise you to take up motor-cycling, as the vibration is injurious to anyone whose constitution is not perfectly sound. It is a fine sport, however, for those who are thoroughly fit.

A. D. B. (Bolton).—Not a word—meantime.

H. L. (Dulwich).—It is not usual in this country for a man to raise his hat to another man, except under special circumstances—as, for example, a trooper meeting his colonel in civilian togs. If a man raises his hat to you, always return the compliment by raising yours; a nod would be boorish in the extreme.

R. JOLLY, 22, Nile Street, Preston, wants to meet a reader who is fond of athletics and also of art and music.

J. L. (Wolverhampton).—A fox terrier is as good a dog as you can buy. He is thoroughly sporting and very pally.

F. OSMENT, Griffin Road, Bassaley, near Newport, Mon., wishes to correspond with a London taxi-cab driver.

G. C. A. (Forest Gate).—All the information you require will be found in the A B C time-table.

D. F. (Manchester).—The fact that your horse seems to have no feeling in the near side of his mouth may be due to bad bitting in his youth. Try him with a plain snaffle for a week or two and let us know whether there is any improvement.

R. B. (Brentwood), **H. McD.** (Dundee), **T. N.** (Bradford), **H. B. R.** (New Cross), **E. T.** (Paignton), **W. S.** (Tunbridge Wells), **F. G.** (Bristol), **B. J. S.** (Grahamstown, S.A.), **C. H.** (Minehead), **R. L.** (Llandudno), **G. S. H.** (Cromer), **J. B.** (Oldham).—We thank you.

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LEAGUE MEMBERS IN LONDON.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

LONDON *(Continued).*

Walham Green.
P. D. ANDERSON, 479, Fulham Road.
W. S. HAYWARD, 13, Cedar Road.

Walthamstow.
C. F. ALLEN, 37, Pendlestone Road.
B. BARNES, 11, Brettenham Road.
P. BARTON, 35, Belgrave Road.
A. BRANFIELD, 156, High Street.
A. G. COLE, 5, Richards Place.
J. F. HARRIS, 44, Eden Road.
M. HITCHMAN, 99, Markhouse Avenue.
W. J. HITCHMAN, 99, Markhouse Avenue.
E. S. HUNT, 24, Second Avenue.
F. H. JONES, 47, Pembroke Road.
H. LERPINIERE, Friend's Hall.
C. A. MACKEN, 6, Carlton Road.
S. SMITH, 26, Blenheim Road.
W. P. SMITH, 53A, Hatherley Road.
S. C. STOKES, 14, Copeland Road.
A. J. WILLIAMS, 166, Wood Street.
A. YIST, 2, Hazelwood Road.

Walworth.
A. HILL, 8, Salisbury Row.
F. PROSSER, 57, South Street.

Wandsworth.
R. L. ANTROBUS, 216, Wandsworth Bridge Road.
H. BROOKS, 15, Lebanon Gardens.
W. DAVIS, 9, Officers' Quarters, H.M.P.
G. WRIGHT, 44, Camborne Road, Merton Road.

Wandsworth Common.
W. A. NICHOLS, 125, Honeywell Road.
C. C. ROBERTS, 13, Knoll Road.
S. G. SELLEY, 51, Acada Road.

Wanstead.
H. R. WEBSTER, Cambridge House, Cambridge Park.

Wapping.
A. I. BAILEY, Thames Police Station.

Watford.
F. G. BROWN, 32, Church Road.

Wembley.
F. H. L. BENGOUGH, Mostyn House, Mostyn Avenue.
E. M. BALL, 1, Lancelot Road.
J. E. HAMILTON, 62, Chaplin Road.
W. LUNN, 12, Railway Cottages.

Westbourne Park.
H. L. GOWIN, 2?, Fermoy Road.
J. S. HANSCOMBE, 13, Richmond Mews.

West Ham.
S. H. BATTINA, 228, The Portway.
H. E. LANKTREE, 188, The Portway.
W. Y. POMEROY, 133, The Portway.
J. C. WAILLING, 113, Harcourt Road.
P. H. WIVELL, 77, Morley Road, Plaistow Road.

Westminster.
C. G. ELVEY, 18, Hogarth Buildings.
J. B. GALE, 2, Lanfranc Street, Westminster Bridge Road.
W. H. GREEN, 12, Rampayne Street.

Whitechapel.
J. M. LEARY, London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.

Willesden.
E. K. DOD, 42, King's Road.
N. A. DOD, 42, King's Road.
F. JAMIESON, 8, Monson Road.
H. T. PYWELL, 26, Herbert Gardens.
C. J. TOZER, 93, Leighton Gardens.
F. B. WYTHE, 982, Harrow Road.

Wimbledon.
E. S. KEARSEY, 8, Latimer Road.
W. A. PUDDLE, 31, Kingsley Road.
S. RAMSHAW, 3, Woodside.
W. S. RUSSELL, Spencer House, Wimbledon Park Side.
H. STONESTREET, 16, Kingswood Road.
C. J. STRONG, 92, Dundonald Road.

Winchmore Hill.
G. SMITH, "Kingsbury," Hopper's Road.

Wood Green.
F. J. ARNOLD, 57, Boundary Road.
A. J. BAKER, 40, Westbury Avenue.
L. BOWLER, 166, High Road.
J. A. CRERAR, 58, Trinity Road.
H. EVANS, 142, Moselle Avenue, Noel Park.
J. FITZGERALD, 53, Moselle Avenue, Noel Park.
H. G. FLYNN, 180, Morley Avenue, Noel Park.
R. G. PAYNE, 19, Cranbrook Park.
S. A. SEARS, 53, Clarence Road.

Woolwich.
D. BARFOOT, 31, Dock Street.
A. H. CUMMINGS, Personnel Ordnance College.
E. HISCOCK, 102nd Battery, R.F.A.
R. E. HONER, 50, Wilmount Street.
J. HORNER, P.O. College, Shrapnel Barracks.
J. MACDONALD, 18, Saville Road.

(To be continued.)

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In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

oing abroad. Burberry breeches-suit; Burberry slip-on; blue lounge suit, in large suit-case; chest 38in., height 5ft. 11in.; all quite new; £12; cost £17; no approval.—Box 4588, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

uit-case, 26in., green rotproof canvas, two brass locks, bag handle, fancy lining, new; 7s. 6d.—Box 4590, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

oat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

o more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

he McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

oots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best fitting models. Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., 27E, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

Vanted, light tweed cycling suit, chest 39in., height 5ft. 9in., cheap; particulars.—Box 4551, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

air Sandow's spring grip dumb-bells, perfect condition, 7s. 6d., or best offer.—Box 4591, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vant offer; tennis post, clutches, and net, 42ft., Ayres, nearly new, cost £3; also 11 balls, 3 new, cost 11s.—Box 4578, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hammerless 12 bore, second-hand, good condition, bargain, £3 10s.—Box 4579, "The Modern man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

entleman's cycle for sale, good condition, no reasonable offer refused.—Box 4580, "The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

amping in Lakeland at the Derwent Holiday Camp, Keswick; a genuine offer of free holidays, the most generous and unique offer ever made to the holiday public.—Postcard to Wm. Pattie brings 1911 "Camp Review" (free).

rofessional backer will send the most reliable racing intelligence. Absolute proof free first.—Hardwick, 33, Fore Street, Ipswich.

Vanted, 2 stout pike or trolling rods, 2 good fly rods, 2 reels (large), 2 smaller, a few lines, &c., all cheap for cash.—Box 4552, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

agatelle, by Stevens, for sale, 9ft. by 3ft. 6in., with cups, slate bed, 9 ivory balls, marking board and cues; take £5 10s., or exchange for three-quarter billiard table and pay difference.—Box 4553, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

air Sandow's dumb-bells, 2lb clubs, loop developer, flesh gloves, the lot 10s.—Box 4554, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vading trousers, new, tens, cost 25s., Anderson's make, exchange salmon and little cash.—Box 4555, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

land rings, leather covered, with ropes and hooks, 5s.; also Sandow's developer, 5s.—Box 4556, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vanted, pair outer covers, 28 by 1½, good make and condition.—Box 4557, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Vanted, good up-to-date croquet set for eight players, cash or good exchange.—Box 4558, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gentleman's Elswick Green cycle, free wheel, Bowden brakes, oil-bath gear case, accessories, handsome machine, lately purchased, unsoiled, accept £4 10s.—Box 4559, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 3-speed gentleman's cycle, exchange Victor Monarch gramophone and records, splendid order.—Box 4560, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

For sale, half-plate camera, wide and narrow and angle lens, three dark slides, two tripods, everything complete; also a first-class magic-lantern, with slides complete. Must be sold. No reasonable offer refused.—J. G. Fleming, 852, Padiham Road, Burnley.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

Copies "Modern Man" and "Boxing" from first issue; perfect condition; what offers?—Box 4589, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London (Est. 1876).

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

MUSIC.

Gramophone, cost 30s., practically new; also 16 2s. 6d. double-disc records. Will accept 50s., or offer.—A. J. Bedford, Swaffham Bulbeck, Cambs.

DIGS.

Your holidays on poultry-farm. Wild, lovely country; 300ft.; all sports; River Wye; cheap; particulars free; engage now.—Monmouth Poultry Farm.

GARDENING.

Lawn mower, 12in., scarcely used, too small for advertiser, 15s. 6d., with box.—Box 4561, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Well-built portable greenhouse, by Riley, length 12ft., breadth 8ft., height to eaves 5ft., fitted with boiler, 4in. hot-water pipes, and best rot-proof blind. Price £10.—Box 4562, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL &c.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£250 house purchase certificate, over five years in force. Take £20 for quick sale.—Box 4563, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

25 £1 ordinary shares fully paid, last dividend 12 per cent. £22, close offer.—Box 4568, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

£25 required for three years, good interest, monthly repayments.—Box 4566, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Advertiser wants to borrow, privately, £6 for four months, good interest given; no professional money-lenders.—Box 4567, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Linen marking outfit. Name stamp, pad, ink (no heating required), and brush sent complete in box for 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 93, Westwood Road, Coventry.

Flags for sale; 12 large British; used thrice for interior church decoration; cost nearly £20; what offers?—222, Normanton Road, Derby.

Safety razors, English manufacture, complete with stropper, 9d. post free. Parisian diamond tie-pin, very smart, 1s. post free.—Travis and Co., 44, Elgin Street, Hanley, Staffs.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s superior quality, £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit, by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES.

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells to be sent

FOR FREE TRIAL

and carriage paid at once to every reader of THE MODERN MAN who desires to enter this simple competition.

The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

gives every one of the readers of THE MODERN MAN the opportunity to prove for themselves, without a penny of cost, how delightful and valuable this great new Competition for £100 in cash prizes really is. At the same time, every reader of THE MODERN MAN will learn entirely at our expense how easy it is by the means of this wonderful scientific invention of Mr. Eugene Sandow, the greatest health explorer in the world, to secure perfect health and prevent such ailments as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Insomnia, &c., and also improve his or her physique; to increase the strength of any or all the limbs and organs of the body; to render the carriage graceful and distinguished and acquire that appearance and bearing which commands success in society, in business—in fact, in all the affairs of life.

Any reader can enter; the conditions are such that every boy, youth, young man, middle-aged man or woman, and even old men and women have equal chance of winning.

It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

The middle-aged man and woman must keep healthy, strong, and vigorous, and must prevent the encroachment of the hundred and one ailments of middle life. This offer and Competition will introduce to them the most perfect form of health exercise with monetary reward thrown in. The elderly must set back the clock if they are to enjoy the evening of life. Elderly readers may not only do this by a few minutes a day with Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, but may also secure the £100 in cash, which would come in so useful.

With every pair will be sent a Booklet of Exercises, showing you in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

The chart contains one month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-Bells.

To secure the Dumb-Bells on absolutely free trial and full details of the

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

simply send in the Form below. Send no money. Only this form.

FREE TRIAL AND £100 PRIZE COMPETITION FOR READERS.

To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date 1911.

Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at .. .. 12s. 6d. 18 and up.
Youths' .. .. 10s. 6d. 14 to 18.
Ladies' .. .. 10s. 6d. 16 and up.

Suitable for age.

It is understood that I may either return the Dumb-Bells at the end of seven days without any obligation, or if I decide upon keeping same I will forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as the first payment, and the balance in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. until payment is completed.

Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**

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